THE

FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE — ACCOMPLISHMENTS — ARTS — AMUSEMENTS — NEWS.

VOL. X. M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855. TERMS, {$2 00 PER ANNUM, 5 CENTS SINGLE. No. 2.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SEA-WITCH:

—OR,—

THE AFRICAN QUADROON.

A STORY OF THE SLAVE COAST.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

The reader will think that seven league boots—the storyteller's prerogative—are in special demand as it regards our story, for once more we must return through a period of years to the date, or thereabouts, on which our story opens. It was on one of those close, sultry afternoons that characterize the climate of summer in India, that two of our characters were seated together in a graceful and rather elegant villa in the environs of Calcutta. The air of the lady—for the couple were of either sex, was one of beauty in repose. She was evidently listening to the gallant speech of her companion with respect, but without interest, while on his part the most casual observer might have read in his voice, his features, and his words, the accent, the bearing, the language of love.

The lady was a gentle being of surpassing beauty, with black eyes, jetty hair and brilliant complexion; there was little of the characteristics of the East in her appearance, though she seemed to be quite at home beneath the Indian sun. She was of the middle height, perhaps a little too slender and delicate in form to meet a painter's idea of perfection, but yet just such an idol as a poet would have worshipped. She was strikingly handsome, and there was a brilliancy and spirit in the glance of her dark eyes that told of much character, and much depth of feeling; and while you gazed at her now, sitting beneath the broad piazza, you would have detected a shadow ever and anon cross her brow, as though the words of him by her side aroused some unpleasant memory, and diverted her thoughts rather to past scenes than to the consideration of his immediate remarks.

The gentleman who seemed to be pleading an unsuccessful suit, wore the undress uniform of the English navy, and in the outer harbor, in view of the very spot where they sat, there rode a sloop-of-war with St. George's cross floating at her peak. The officer was young, but bore the insignia of his rank upon his person, which showed him to be the captain of yonder proud vessel. He might have been five or six and twenty, but scarcely more, and bore about him those unmistakable tokens of gentle birth which will shine through the coarsest as well as the finest attire. The lady was not regarding him now; her eyes were bent on the distant sea, but still he pleaded, still urged in gentle tones the suit he brought.

"I see, Miss Huntington has some more favored swain on whom to bestow her favors; but I am sure that she has no truer friend, or more ardent admirer."

"You are altogether mistaken in your premises," she said, coolly, as she tossed her fragrant fan of sandal wood, perfuming the soft atmosphere about them.

"A subject who sues for a favor at court, Miss Huntington, if he is unsuccessful, thinks himself at least entitled to know the *reason* why he is denied."

"But suppose the court declines to give him a reason?" said the lady, still coolly.

"Its decision admits of no appeal, I must acknowledge," replied her suitor.

"Then reason I have none, captain; and so pray let that suffice."

"But, Miss Huntington, surely—"

"Nay, captain," she said, at last, weary of his importunity, "you know well my feelings. Far be it from me to play for one moment the coquette's part. I thank you for the compliment you pay me by these assurances, but you are fully aware that I can never encourage a suit that finds no response in my heart. I trust that no word or act of mine has ever deceived you for one moment."

"No, Miss Huntington, you have ever been thus cold and impassive towards me, ever turning a deaf ear to my prayer. Why, why can you not love me?"

"Nay, captain, we will not enter into particulars; it is needless, it is worse than needless, and a matter that is exceedingly unpleasant to me. I must earnestly beg, sir, that you will not again refer to this subject under any circumstance."

"Your commands are law to me, Miss Huntington," answered the discomfited lover, as he rose from the seat he had occupied by her side, and turned partially away.

It was well he did so, for had she seen the demoniac expression of his countenance as he struggled to control the vehemence of his feelings, she would have feared that he might do either her or himself violence.

"May I not hope that years of fond attachment, years of continued assiduity, may yet outweigh your indifference, Miss Huntington?" he said earnestly.

"Indeed, indeed no. You do but pain me by this continuance of a subject that—Ah, mother!" she said, interrupting herself, "I have been looking at the captain's ship, yonder; is she not a noble craft? And how daintily she floats upon the waters!"

"A ship is always a beautiful sight, my child; and especially so when she bears the flag that we see flaunting gracefully from that vessel."

"When do you sail, captain?" asked Mrs. Huntington, who had just joined her daughter on the piazza, and did not observe the officer's confusion.

"The ship rides by a single anchor, madam, and only waits her commander," he replied, rather mechanically than otherwise, as he turned his glance seaward.

"So soon? I had hoped you were to favor us with a longer stay," said the mother.

The officer looked towards the daughter, as though he wished it had been her that had expressed such a desire. But she still gazed at the distant ship, and he saw no change in her handsome features.

"We officers are not masters of our own time, madam, and can rarely consult our own wishes as to a cruising ground; but I frankly own that it was something more than mere accident which brought me this time to Calcutta."

As he said this, his eyes again wandered towards her daughter's face, but it was still cold, impassive and beautiful as before, while she gazed on the distant sea. He paused for a moment more, almost trembling with suppressed emotions of disappointment, chagrin and anger, and seemed at a loss what to say further; he felt constrained, and wished that he might have seen the daughter for a moment more alone.

"Farewell is an unpleasant word to say, ladies," he said, at last, still controlling his feelings with a masterly effort. Then offering a hand to the mother, he bowed respectfully and said "Good-by;" and to her, who now turned with evident feeling evinced in her lovely face at the idea of a long parting, he offered his hand, which was frankly pressed, while he said: "I carry away a heavy heart to sea with me, Miss Huntington; could it be weighed, it would overballast yonder ship."

"Farewell, captain; a happy and safe voyage to you," she answered, with assumed gaiety of tone; but there was no reply. He bowed low and hastened away, with a spirit of disappointment clouding his sun-burned features.

The view which might be had from the window commanded a continuous sight of the road that the young officer must traverse to reach the ship, and though she had treated him thus coldly, and had so decidedly declined his suit, yet there lingered some strange interest about him in her mind, as was evinced by her now repairing to the window, and sitting behind the broad shadow of its painted screen, where she watched his approach to the landing, near the city gates, and saw the sturdy boatmen dip their oars in regular time, propelling the boat with arrow-like speed to the ship's side, where its master hastened upon deck and disappeared, while the boat was hoisted to the quarter-davits.

Anon she saw the sheets fall from the ponderous yards, and sheeted home, the anchor gradually raised to her bow, the yards squared to bring her with her head to the sea, and then a clear white cloud of smoke burst from her bows as she gathered steerage-way, and a dull heavy report of distant ordnance boomed upon the ear of the listening girl, answered by a deep sigh from her own bosom—a sigh not for him who had just left her, but for some kindred association that his presence aroused.

The villa where we have introduced the reader was that of the late Edward Huntington, a successful English merchant, who had resided many years in India and had realized a fortune, which he had proposed to return to his native land to enjoy with his wife and only child. But death had stepped in to put an abrupt end to his hopes, and to render abortive all his well-arranged plans, some twelve months previous to the period of which we have spoken. Mrs. Huntington, the widow, had remained in Calcutta to settle up her husband's affairs, and this done, she determined to embark at once with her daughter for England, where her relatives, friends and early associations were all located.

Miss Huntington, as the reader may have gathered, was no coquette; her great beauty and real loveliness of character had challenged the admiration of many a rich grandee and many an eminent character among her own countrymen in this distant land. But no one had seemed to make the least impression upon her heart; the gayest and wittiest found in her one quite their equal; the thoughtful and pathetic were equally at home by her side; but her heart, to them, seemed encased in iron, so cold and immovable it continued to all the assaults that gallantry made against its fastness, and yet no one who knew her really doubted the tenderness of her feelings and the sensibility of her heart.

Her beauty was quite matured—that is she must have numbered at least twenty years; but there was still a girlish loveliness, a childlike purity and sincerity in all she said and did, that showed the real freshness of her heart and innocence of her mind. Far too pure and good and gentle was she for him who had so earnestly sued for her hand, as we have seen. Beneath a gentlemanly exterior, that officer, whom we have seen depart from her side under such peculiar circumstances, hid a spirit of petty meanness and violence of temper, a soul that hardly merited the name, and which made him enemies everywhere, friends nowhere.

Robert Bramble—for this was he, the same whom the reader has seen as a boy at home in Bramble Park—had not improved in spirit or manliness by advance in years. The declining pecuniary fortune of his father's house, to which we have before alluded, had led him early to seek employment in the navy, and by dint of influence and attention to his profession, he had gradually risen to the position in which we have found him, as a commander in her majesty's service on the India station. That he loved the widow's daughter was true—that is to say, as sincerely as he was capable of loving any one; but his soul was too selfish to entertain true love for another.

The same spirit that had led him to the petty oppressions and the ceaseless annoyances which he had exercised towards his younger brother in childhood, still actuated him, and there was not a gleam of that chivalric spirit which his profession usually inspires in those who adopt it as a calling, shining within the recesses of his breast. Entirely unlike Miss Huntington in every particular, we have yet seen that he exercised some singular power over her—that is, so far as to really interest her beyond even a degree that she was willing to exhibit before him. What and why this was so must more clearly appear in the course of the story as it progresses.

Mrs. Huntington was a lady of polished manner and cultivated intellect, belonging to what might be termed the old school of English gentlewomen. She had reared her only child with jealous care and assiduous attention, so that her mind had been richly stored in classic lore, and her hands duly instructed in domestic duties. There was no mock-modesty about the mother, she was straight forward and literal in all she said or did; evidently of excellent family, she was sufficiently assured of her position not to be sensitive about its recognition by others, and preferred to instil into her daughter's mind sound wholesome principles to useless and giddy accomplishments. And yet the daughter was accomplished, an excellent musician upon the piano and harp, and a vocalist of rare sweetness and perfection of execution, as well as mistress of other usual studies of her sex.

But the idea we would convey is, that the mother had rather endeavored to fill her child's mind with real information and knowledge, than to teach her that the chief end and aim of life were to learn how to captivate a husband; she preferred to make her daughter a true and noble-hearted woman, possessed of intrinsic excellence, rather than to make her marketable for matrimonial sale; to give her something that would prove to her under any and all circumstances, a reliance, viz., sound principles and an excellent education.

"Mother, how long before we shall turn our face towards England?" said the daughter, soon after the scene which we have described of the sailing ship and her commander.

"Within the month I hope, my child. I have already directed the solicitor to close up all his business relative to your father's estate, and the next homeward-bound ship may bear us as passengers in it."

"I shall feel sad to leave our peaceful home here, mother, for, save my dear father's death, it has been very pleasant, very happy to be here."

"There are many dear associations that must ever hang about its memory, my dear; but after all, we shall be returning to our native land, and that is a sweet thought. It is some twelve years since we lost sight of English soil."

"I remember it most vividly," said the child, recalling the past; "ay, as though it were but yesterday!"

That night, as she lay sleeping in her daintily-furnished apartment, into which the soft night-air was admitted through sweet geranium and mignonette, which bloomed and shed their perfume with rare sweetness, she dreamed of her native land, of him who had that day left her so disappointed, of her childhood, and all its happy memories, and of much that we will not refer to lest we anticipate our story.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WRECK.

About a fortnight subsequent to the period of the last chapter, Mrs. Huntington and her daughter, with a single attendant found themselves embarked on board the Bengal, a large, well-found Indiaman, bound for Liverpool. The ship belonged to the East India Company, was a good carrier, but calculated more for freight than speed. She was a new ship and strong as iron and wood could be put together, and the widow and her child found their quarters on board of an exceedingly comfortable nature. They were the only passengers on board, but the vessel had a heavy freight list, and as she moved out from her anchorage to lay her course to sea, her draft of water was very deep.

The Bengal fortunately encountered none but the most favorable winds and tides for many a long and to those on board somewhat monotonous days, and the sun rose out of the sea clear and bright, and sunk again beneath its surface in gorgeous splendor with every diurnal rotation, until at length the ship touched at the Cape of Good Hope, where, having taken fresh water and provisions on board, she cleared direct for Liverpool. Every hour now seemed more especially to draw the ship nearer her port of destination, and a fresh spirit was infused among passengers and crew, in cabin and forecastle; but it was a long distance yet, and the widow and her daughter found time for much study and reading, for which they were amply supplied, and thus the time was lightened in its progress and also well improved.

But the ocean is a treacherous element, and the fair weather which had so long characterized their voyage, was to be varied now by fierce and angry gales. It was the season of the year when they might expect this, and the captain had kept a sharp lookout. It was the middle of a fine afternoon that there was observed a singular phenomenon in the wind which appeared to come from half a dozen points at the same moment. The ship of course lost her steerage way, and the sea began most singularly to get up from all points in heavy cross waves. It was evident that they were either in the course of a whirlwind or close to its track, and every now and then gusts came first larboard then starboard, and again bows on and stern on, with a force that snapped the rigging like pipe stems, and tore the canvass from the bolt ropes, notwithstanding the prompt orders and nimble efforts of the seamen, before it could be secured. Half an hour of this strange weather nearly stripped the ship of her standing rigging, leaving her comparatively a helpless wreck upon the waters, a mere log at the mercy of the wind and waves.

The worst had not yet come, however, for the ship was sound still in her hull, and save that she was now wallowing in the trough of the sea, she was comparatively safe; she had sprung no leak, but her heavy freight tested her powers fearfully, and the captain was fain to acknowledge that there was nought to be done but abide the raging of the storm until it was over. His attempt to rig a jury mast, on which to bend sail enough to give the ship steerage way, was perfectly fruitless; she rolled and pitched so fearfully that no effort of the kind could succeed, but the crew were kept busy throwing over the heavier articles of freight to ease the ship.

As night came on with its intense darkness, relieved only by now and then a terrible flash of liquid fire, all on board expected each moment might be their last. Prayers were said, and all tried to compose their minds as far as possible to meet that death which seemed to be fast approaching them, when suddenly the cry rang fore and aft that the captain was lost overboard! This added to the general gloom; and now a cry was heard "there goes the Flying Dutchman," as was seen by several on board the Indiaman, during the interval of the vivid lightning, a large ship dash by them almost within cable's length, with a single topsail close reefed running before the gale with the speed of the wind. It did indeed look like a phantom craft. All was snug on board, not a soul was in sight, everything battened down, save one dark form apparently lashed to the wheel stanchions and steadily bent upon keeping the ship before the storm; it was a sight that added to the terror of those on board the Indiaman, and its effect was at once visible.

The ignorant and superstitious seamen, ever ready to argue evil from any strange occurrence, now felt assured of their destruction, declaring that the strange appearance of the phantom-ship was but a warning to foretell the fate that was preparing for them. Thus actuated, all discipline was gone, and no connected efforts were further made to protect the ship or render her in any degree safer from the power of the storm. To add still more to the critical condition on board, the ship after straining and laboring so long, now began to leak and rapidly to fill. In this desperate state of affairs several of the crew, whose numbers were already thinned by being washed overboard, got into the spirit room and in a condition of wild desperation became beastly intoxicated, resolving to die insensible to danger! and at intervals their crazy oaths and incoherent songs were heard above the raging of the gale.

At this crisis, as is generally the case, two or three sterling spirits among the crew (and there is never a ship's company without some such among its members), one, the second mate, and a couple of foremast hands, came into the cabin and assured the widow and her daughter that they would protect them to the last, and that they were even now preparing the long boat with compass, water and food, so that should the storm abate and the sea become less agitated before the ship should fill and go down, they might launch it, and with the ladies and such of them as desired, attempt to save themselves in this frail bark. With heartfelt gratitude the mother and child accepted their protection and awaited the crisis; but not without solemnly kneeling together upon the cabin floor and committing themselves to the care of Divine Providence.

The second mate of the Bengal was the only officer left, but he was a good sailor, a man of cool nerve and great personal strength. He now went calmly to work, sounded the well and found four feet of water in the ship, made his calculations how long it would require for the ship to fill at the rate she then made water, and then set to work with his two companions to rig a triangle with spars above the long boat, so as to lift and launch it just when the proper moment should arrive, but this he found to be impracticable. As the morning broke in the east the gale subsided, but the sea still kept up its angry commotion, though that too, gradually subsided, the waves growing less and less, and the ship becoming more and more quiet, enabling those on board to keep at least upon their feet.

In the meantime, the ship had gradually settled so that the water was already on the cabin floor. In vain were the entreaties of the mate and his companions for the four or five hands who had possessed themselves of the key of the spirit room to come on deck and save themselves; they could neither be persuaded nor forced to move, but lay in a state of beastly intoxication. Everything had been done that was possible, to prepare for launching the long boat, and the widow and her daughter had already by the mate's sanction taken their seats within it, while one of the seamen secured and carefully stored the few articles of necessity which had been selected.

The two masts of the boat were stepped and carefully secured, the gripes that secured the boat in its place were cut, leaving it standing upright in its wooden bed, but entirely free from the deck of the ship. Already had the ship sunk so low that all communication with the cabin was cut off, and the poor inebriated wretches who had there sought oblivion in intoxication also found their tomb. Food, water and compass were properly disposed, so that any sudden movement of the boat should not dislodge them, oars and sails in readiness, and a careful examination had, lest some straggling rope might in some way connect the boat with the wreck, so as to draw them under when the floundering mass should at last go down. The crisis which they now expected seemed strangely protracted, and

their fearful suspense was almost unbearable. The mate had placed one of his hands at the bows, another amidships, while himself and the two passengers occupied the stern; the precaution having also been taken to secure the ladies by ropes to the boat.

The weather had now entirely moderated, and the sea was comparatively calm, except that now and then a heavy swell would lift the water-logged craft and surge about the hull, causing it to groan as though conscious of its approaching fate. Moments assumed the length of hours now, and the countenance of each was a picture of agonized suspense and momentary expectation, no one spoke above their breath. Again the heavy swell caused the hull to lurch and pitch until her bows were almost buried, and the water was even with the scuppers—the moment was approaching.

"Steady, all," said the mate, calmly, as he saw another approaching swell, which he knew must cause the vessel to lift and settle again, and probably this time prove the signal for her final plunge altogether. "Steady, I say, and hold on to the boat stoutly now. Don't let go, ladies, for an instant!"

The seaman was right, the heavy hull was full, this surge came on, burying her for an instant, and actually sweeping the boat clear of her bulwarks out upon the sea, a most fortunate circumstance, which was instantly taken advantage of, by pulling with the oars for a single instant, and still further clearing the wreck, which now rose high at the bows for a moment as the stern settled and gradually sunk, causing a vortex which would certainly have engulfed the boat, had it not been able thus to pull a short distance away, and which even now drew it rapidly back to the spot where the ship had laid, and causing it to toss fearfully for a while, but in a few moments more all was quiet.

"Thank God, that is over," said the mate, earnestly; "it was little short of a miracle that we did not all of us go down with the ship."

The widow covered her face with her hands and breathed a silent prayer of thankfulness. It was already night again, and steering by the stars the mate laid his course, after affording a spare sail to cover the mother and her daughter, who having partaken of some needed refreshment, the first for many hours, were soon lost in sleep, induced by the great bodily fatigue and physical exertion they had so lately encountered in this emergency.

The men stood watch and watch, relieving each other at intervals throughout the night, while the boat with its two lugger sails crept on steadily upon its course.

It was remarkable to observe the delicacy observed by those three seamen towards the widow and her daughter, to mark their assiduity towards them as to their necessities and their wants; while they, on their part, were patient, uncomplaining and grateful. The second and third day passed on, when the mate calculated they were steering direct for the nearest point of land which they could not fail to reach in another day, it being the coast of Africa. His calculations were made under disadvantages, but he felt confident of their correctness. The weather, fortunately, had been very calm and pleasant thus far, since the gale had subsided, and the frail craft thus exposed upon the ocean had really proved quite comfortable and weatherly for the time being. A snug little apology for a cabin had been constructed over the forward part of the boat, into which the ladies could retire at nightfall, and become secure from the weather and be entirely by themselves; and under the circumstances they were really quite comfortable, that is to say, they experienced little exposure to the elements at night, and slept securely in their narrow quarters.

In leaving the ship, the mother had been more thoughtful than many persons would have been, and had taken the box which contained her valuables and such papers as comprised her heavy bills of credit on England, in which way she was transporting the bulk of her husband's late valuable estate to her native land. At first she had taken especial pains not to have the fact known to the men that she had any great amount of valuables with her, lest it should prove a temptation to them, and lead to some tragical result as it regarded the safety of herself and child. But she need not have feared, those hearty sons of the ocean were true as steel; and it was only the second day that having laid the casket down carelessly in the boat, she had retired to the little forecastle forgetting it, when it was brought to her again by one of them who remarked, that he presumed it was something of particular value by its appearance.

According to the mate's reckoning, the time had already arrived when the land should heave in sight, and the three seamen were constantly on the lookout for it in the supposed direction where it should appear; but all their search for it proved in vain, there was the same endless expanse of ocean before them day after day, bounded only by the dim horizon, and unrelieved by any object, while the same hope reigned in their hearts. The exposure they endured, though not very severe, yet began to tell upon them all, and especially the mate and two seamen, and the cheeks of the seamen already looked sunken, their eyes less spirited. This was the combined result of their feelings of disappointment with physical labor, for they worked several hours at the oars every day, aiding the sailing power of the boat, in the hopes of reaching the land before another gale or storm should occur. Now, however, they began to discard the oars, and to feel less and less courage to labor in propelling the boat.

The widow who was not a little of a philosopher and a woman of good sound mind, determined to do something to amuse the men, and cheer them up in their emergency; she saw how sadly they needed some such influence, and telling her daughter of her purpose, when night again came on she induced her to sing some of her sweetest airs with all her power of execution, and to repeat them to the real joy and delight of these hardy men, who at once gathered an agency from this music, and declared it was the harbinger of good. Whether it was so in the way they supposed or not, it certainly was a harbinger of good as it regarded its cheering effects upon them, and their hearts were again filled with hope, and their sinews bent once more to toil at the oars.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEA WITCH.

While those sweet notes were being uttered under these peculiar circumstances, and the soft thrilling voice of the English girl floated over the sea, and the stars looked down coldly upon those wrecked adventurers, the mate who sat at the helm was observed to be peering in the boat's wake, as though looking for some coming object that would soon overtake them. Leaning over the boat's stern, he placed his ears as near the surface of the water as possible and listened. This he repeated several times, with increased earnestness, then partially shading his eyes with his hands, he gazed back into the dim night air with intense interest, while the rest in the boat regarded him silently, wondering what could be the import of his movements.

"Either there is a big fish in our wake, or I hear the ripple of a ship's cut-water. But I cannot see hull or canvass in this darkness," said the mate, after a brief but searching gaze in the direction from whence they had come.

"It cannot be that you could hear the movement of a ship upon the water, farther than you could see her even in this light," said the mother.

"It may have been the hauling of a ship's yards, or some rickety block, but sound I did hear that came from on ship board," said the mate, with assurance.

"See, see," said the daughter, at that moment, "what is that?" pointing off nearly in the wake of the boat into the darkness.

"A ship!" said the mate, quickly; "a ship, as true as heaven!" adding, "shout, shout together now, or she will run us down."

As he spoke, all eyes were bent on the dim object that was now fast approaching them, and steering as nearly on the same course with themselves as possible. Only a cloud of canvass was visible now, but soon the dark hull of a vessel appeared, and the mate hastened to light a lantern and hoist it to attract their attention. The signal was seemingly observed in an instant on board the stranger, and the hoarse deep order to heave the ship to, rolled over the waters and rang a welcome sound in the ears of those in the boat.

"I know not what sort of craft she is," said the mate; "and this is a latitude where pirates intercept the homeward bound ships sometimes, though according to my reckoning, we are too well in for the land to be in that track."

"I trust there is no danger in accepting the assistance that the ship appears willing to give?" said the mother anxiously, to the mate.

"It is not more dangerous than to pass another night in this open boat, madam, at all events," replied the mate, frankly.

"Stand by, to take this tow-line," shouted a voice from the bulwarks of the ship, as the vessel drifted with a side impetus towards the tiny craft, while the figure of a man was observed in the mizzen shrouds with a coil of line ready to heave, at the word of command.

"Ay, ay," answered the mate, steering his boat so as to bring her side on to the ship, and opening his arms to catch the line, which he saw was about to be thrown.

"Heave, heave clear of all," shouted a stern, manly voice from the quarter-deck of the ship at this moment; "heave with a will."

And a stout tow-line rattled through the air with a whizzing sound and lay between the mate's extended arms. This was instantly seized upon, and while one of the men took a turn about the stanchion in the bow of the boat, those on board the ship gathered in the line until the boat was safely moored under her quarter. No words were exchanged, until the ladies, first, and the seamen next, were taken on board: the fact of their being wrecked and in distress being too apparent to require questioning. The valuables in the boat were quickly transferred to the ship, and the little craft which had proved an ark of safety to the adventurers, was then cut adrift, and soon lay a mere speck upon the waters, unguided and alone.

As the boat drifted for a moment astern of the vessel before the party were taken on board, the mate read her name on the stern in golden letters, "*The Sea Witch.*" The foremast hands who had been saved from the wreck soon mingled with the crew on the forecastle of the "Sea Witch," and told their story there, while the mate and the ladies were received in the most hospitable manner in the cabin, where the captain endeavored to offer them every comfort the ship afforded, and to place every resource entirely at their command.

Mrs. Huntington and her daughter were at first too tearful and full of gratitude for their preservation to converse, and soon took advantage of the kind offer which placed the captain's private apartments entirely at their service, while the mate explained their adventures in detail, not forgetting the phantom ship which passed them in the gale, and which had caused such consternation on board the wrecked Indiaman. But his story in this particular was unfortunately spoiled, when Captain Ratlin told him positively that he was at that moment on board the very craft which he had designated as the Flying Dutchman. A remark that for a moment puzzled the honest seaman and led him to look suspiciously about him; but a few corroborating remarks soon placed the subject at rest in even the mate's credulous mind.

The fact was, that the same gale which had made a wreck of the Indiaman, had driven the "Sea Witch" two days' sail or more out of her course, and had thus brought her in sight of the Bengal at that critical moment when it would have been impossible to have rendered her the least assistance. The continuance of the gale had carried the ship far to the southward, from whence she was now returning.

It was early morning upon the day succeeding that auspicious night for the party in the boat, that Miss Huntington and her mother made their appearance upon the quarter-deck, and tendered their thanks for the service rendered. Captain Ratlin received them there with a frank, manly air, assured them of full protection, and that he would land them at some port from whence they could take ship for England. A very few hours placed him on the best of terms with his passengers, for there was that frank, and open discourse of manner with him, which his countenance promised, while he felt irresistibly drawn towards the gentle and beautiful girl whose protector he had thus strangely and suddenly become. Not one point of her sweet beauty was lost upon the young commander, and her every word and movement he seemed to dwell upon, and to consider with a tenacious degree of interest.

On her part, Miss Huntington looked upon him as her preserver, and did not hesitate to accord him that confidence which the circumstances of her situation would so naturally lead to, being delighted and entertained by the sketches he gave her of sea life and wild adventure upon the ocean, elicited by her suggestion. The mother, too, was well-pleased with the profound respect and polite attention which herself and daughter received from him, and accorded him that cordial countenance in his intercourse with her child which placed him quite at ease.

"We have not even asked you, Captain Ratlin, what trade you are in," said the mother, as they sat together, her daughter and the young commander, upon the quarter-deck beneath an awning which had been rigged for their comfort.

"Ahem! madam!" hesitated the young officer, "we are, that is, yes, we are on a trading voyage to the coast—just at the present time."

Whether the mother saw that the subject was not one which was of an agreeable nature to him, or otherwise, she at once changed the subject, and congenial themes were discussed, to the delight of the daughter, who dwelt with evident pleasure upon the manly tones of the captain's voice, which seemed to have some secret charm upon her. Even her mother noticed this, and seemed to regard her with sensitive watchfulness while the captain was near, though there was no well defined suspicion or fear in her mind.

"Is it customary for traders upon these seas to go so thoroughly armed, Captain Ratlin?" asked the daughter, one day, after she had been shown about the decks, at her own request, where she had marked the heavy calibre of the gun amidship, as well as the neat and serviceable array of small arms within the entrance to the cabin.

"It is a treacherous latitude, lady, and the strong arm often makes the right," he answered again, evasively, as he called her attention to some distant object in the horizon, while at the same moment there was shouted from aloft:

"Land O!"

"Land, land!" repeated the gentle being by his side, "what land?"

"Africa," quietly responded the captain, without a token of satisfaction.

"Africa? that is indeed an inhospitable shore; can we land there?"

"Yes, I shall make sure that you land safely, and can despatch you to Sierra Leone, from whence you can take ship for England, but—"

"Sail O!" shouted the lookout.

"Whereaway?" asked the captain promptly, seizing a deck trumpet and abruptly turning from her to whom he had been speaking, while his whole manner changed at once.

"A couple of points on the larboard beam, sir," answered the seaman.

"All hands, Mr. Faulkner, and 'bout ship; that square rig and the heavy lift of those topsails tell what there must be below to sustain them. Lively, sir, the 'Sea Witch' must show her qualities."

Miss Huntington had watched with some amazement these orders, and the result of the same, and as she saw the beautiful craft in which she was put at once on the opposite tack and steer boldly away from the shore which had just been made, she could not help for a moment remembering the words of the mate in the boat, that *pirates* sometimes were found in these latitudes!

After a moment's thought she felt that she did Captain Ratlin injustice, for whatever might cause him to flee from the sight of what she presumed by his remarks to be a man-of-war, yet she felt that he could not be a pirate. True, the vessel even to her inexperienced eye was very strongly manned, and there was a severity of discipline observed on board that was very different from what she had seen while they were in the Indiaman, but that man could not be a pirate, she felt that he could not—she would not do him the injustice to think it possible.

Let the stranger be whom he might, the "Sea Witch" seemed to have no intention of making his acquaintance, and as easily dropped the topsails of the vessel again as she had made them, while from the manner in which the stranger steered, it was doubtful whether his lookout had made out the "Sea Witch" at all—and so Captain Ratlin remarked to his first officer, while he ordered the ship to be kept on her present course for an hour, then to haul up on the wind and run in shore again.

"Is it usual, Captain Ratlin," asked the young and beautiful girl, "for vessels on the coast to so dread meeting each other as to deliberately alter their course when this seems likely to be the case?"

"Trade is peculiar on this coast, and men-of-warsmen take extraordinary liberties on board such vessels as they happen to overhaul," was the reply. "I always avoid their company when I can do so conveniently."

As Captain Ratlin said this, his eyes met those of his companion for a moment, which were bent anxiously upon his face, as though she would read his inmost thoughts. He noted the expression, and replied at once:

"Whatever suspicion or fear may have entered Miss Huntington's mind, I beg of her to dispel, as it regards her own and her mother's safety and comfort. Both shall be my sole care until you are safely landed upon shore, where I shall at the earliest moment place you in a situation to reach your homes in England."

"I know you will do this," she replied, "and if my looks betrayed any anxiety, it was not for our safety, but for your own, Captain Ratlin."

"My safety, lady! do you then consider that worth your anxiety?" he asked, with unmistakable earnestness in his voice.

"You have been more than kind to us, sir," she continued, "you have been preserver, protector, and friend, and it were strange if I did not feel an interest for your welfare."

This she uttered so ingenuously, so frankly, that it seemed not in the least indelicate or forward, while it thrilled the young commander's heart.

"Lady, since the moment you came on board, and I heard the tones of your voice, a strange interest sprang up in my heart, an indescribable one, and now that you express an interest in a poor wanderer's fate, you attach to it a value that he himself has never regarded it as possessing. But I read your suspicions, you have feared the worst—your looks have betrayed it, and you were ready to believe that I am a—"

"*Pirate!*" almost groaned his companion. "You are not, pray say you are not."

"Not so bad as that, lady."

"But you are then—"

"A slaver!" said the young commander, turning from her and moodily walking the deck, with a contracted brow and uneven step.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUADROON.

For several days succeeding that upon which Captain Ratlin had avowed himself to his fair young companion to be engaged in the slave trade upon the coast of Africa, the "Sea Witch" was occupied in running in towards the land and exchanging signals with friends on shore, and then standing off and on to watch a favorable moment for running to an anchorage, without encountering one of the English or American cruisers stationed on the coast. During this time the young commander and his fair passenger found much time for conversation, and she strove with all that power of persuasion and delicacy of tact peculiar to her sex, to point out to the adventurous and generous-hearted commander the fearful responsibility of the course he was pursuing.

Perhaps no other agent would have accomplished so much as she did—indeed, no other could for a moment have gained his ear, and the result even to herself was very apparent, very satisfactory. He, all unconsciously yielded every argument to her, was only too ready and willing to grant her the fullest accordance in what she asked or argued, for though he dared not to say so, yet he felt that already he loved the mild yet eloquent and lovely girl with a devotion that caused all other interests to fade in importance. It was a novel idea to him to realize that so fair and gentle a creature could entertain such sufficient interest in him, a rough sailor, to strive and mould his conduct for good.

On her part, it would be difficult for us to define the exact state of feelings which actuated the beautiful girl whom we first introduced to the reader in India. She felt an interest in the commander of the slaver that she was afraid to acknowledge not only to her mother, but indeed to herself. The tones of his voice came over her heart like the memory of music that we have heard at some distant time, and in some forgotten place; his eyes betrayed to her the love he dared not speak, and when she did pause to consider their relation towards each other, she half shuddered, and said to herself, "Would to heaven this man was a poor mechanic, anything but a slaver! How can I give my confidence to him, and yet how can I withhold it, for he wins from me my very thoughts!"

One evening just after sunset, Miss Huntington and her mother had been tarrying on the quarter deck for a long while, watching the conversation going on between the ship and the shore by means of flags, and observing that the "Sea Witch" had run in closer than usual, the mother asked:

"Shall we not land before long, Captain Ratlin? We have been in the vicinity of the shore so long, that I begin to feel quite impatient."

"To-night, madam, we shall be on shore. I cannot offer you very good quarters at first, but you shall find conveyance to Sierra Leone shortly, from whence you can sail for England."

"We have to thank you for much kindness, sir," she continued, gratefully.

"Nay, madam, necessity and duty to my owners has rendered it imperative for me to approach the coast cautiously, and hence a delay I could not avoid."

"You are too honest and manly a spirit, sir," said the mother, frankly, "to be engaged in such a trade. Ah, sir, why not turn your talents to a more fitting purpose? The field of commerce is extensive, and such as you need not look for command."

"Madam, your daughter has already caused me to behold my position in a very different light from what I did when I cleared my ship from the last port."

"I rejoice, Captain Ratlin, to hear you say so," was the frank rejoinder of the mother, as she extended her hand to him, and which he pressed respectfully.

"She is thus frank and open with me," reasoned the young commander to himself, "because she has no reason for restraint; but were I to tell her that I loved her child, that she was already so dear to me that I would relinquish all things for her, that face, so friendly in its expression now, would be suffused with disdain and scorn. No, no! such a fate is not in store for me; a sailor should know but one mistress, and she should be his ship. But the heart is a stubborn thing. I would not have believed that such a change could come over me."

"Stand by to let go the starboard bow anchor," he shouted, as the vessel gradually crept shoreward with the oncoming of night, and assumed the position in which he desired to place her.

Her sails were gradually furled, and as she drew to her anchorage ground, a quarter-boat was lowered from the davits, while the chain cable rang its loud report as it ran out at the hawser hole, and the ship swung gradually with the set of the current, leaving her stern towards the shore. But a few moments elapsed before Capt. Ratlin and his two passengers, with such articles as they had brought on board, were skimming over the short space between the ship and the shore, propelled by a half-dozen stout rowers. It had already been explained to them that at first it would be necessary to land them and offer them shelter at Don Leonardo's slave factory, until a mode of conveyance could be procured for them to reach Sierra Leone, so they were not surprised, but placing full confidence in Captain Ratlin, were satisfied.

At the house of Don Leonardo, they were hospitably received, and found the proprietor to be a rough Spaniard, with a dark quadroon daughter, whose mulatto mother was dead. The household, though primitive, in many particulars, was yet profusely supplied with every necessity, and even many luxuries. In the rear of the house was a spacious barracoon, where the slaves were collected and kept for shipment, and where they were plentifully supplied with rice and vegetables, with salt meats, and the means of doing their own cooking. All these things the new comers noted at once, and indeed were very curious in fully understanding. There seemed to be little restraint exercised about the place; the slaves were looked at in the light of prisoners of war, and did not attempt escape. They seemed to be quite indifferent themselves as to their fate, and were very happy, with good food to eat, and a plenty of it.

One thing that both Mrs. Huntington and her daughter marked well was the fact that Don Leonardo greeted Capt. Ratlin as one whom he had met before, and that Maud, his daughter, also sprang forward to meet him with unmistakable tokens of delight. On his part, both were cordially greeted, and they spoke together like people whose time was precious and whose business required despatch. Mrs. Huntington gathered enough from their open and undisguised talk to learn, that as there was not a sufficient number of negroes at the present moment on hand, that the "Sea Witch," with her light draft of water, must be run up a neighboring river and be there moored away from the prying eyes of the cruisers on the coast, until the proper hour should arrive for shipping her freight. Therefore when Captain Ratlin left them, it was with a promise to return and join them again within a few hours. He resolved to moor his vessel under the shelter of the present favoring darkness, to which end he at once repaired on board.

The two English ladies, both mother and daughter, found much to interest them in Maud Leonardo. She seemed to be a strange girl, a rough diamond, with all the tact and ready invention of her mulatto mother, and all the fire of her Spanish father. They soon learned that this was not Captain Ratlin's first visit to the coast, and that her father, as well as herself, considered him the finest seaman and gentleman in the coast trade. It was impossible not to see with what feeling Maud the Quadroon dwelt upon the good qualities of him she referred to, declaring that he was a father to all the people he took away in his ship, and how kind he was to them; that he always knocked off their shackles at once and made friends of them by real kindness.

Mrs. Huntington, to say nothing of her daughter, saw something more than mere honest admiration in the enthusiastic girl's remarks about the young commander, and the mother shrewdly determined to question her upon the theme, and to weigh well her answers.

"Captain Ratlin is very friendly to you, I suppose, Maud?" said Mrs. Huntington.

"He is friendly to father, and that is the same thing," she replied, simply.

"Has he not brought you presents across the ocean?" continued the mother.

"One," said Maud, with evident pleasure, rolling back a long sleeve, and discovering to her new-made friends a rich golden bracelet, set with pearls, a rare and beautiful ornament.

"This is indeed beautiful," said the mother.

Mrs. Huntington examined the jewel, while her daughter turned thoughtfully away! She could not be mistaken; she saw at once that this rude, uncultivated girl loved the commander of the "Sea Witch," nor did she wonder at such a fact; but yet she found herself musing and asking within her own mind whether such a being could make him happy as a wife. She felt that he was worthy of better companionship, and that, notwithstanding Maud evidently loved him, he could hardly entertain any peculiar regard for her. Could he have deceived the girl? she thought. No, deceit was no part of his nature; that she felt sure of, and thus she mused alone to herself, placing the relationship of the two in all manner of lights, until she saw him again.

Having moored the "Sea Witch" safely amid the jungle of one of the many winding rivers that indent the coast of Africa, and sent down her upper spars to prevent her from being discovered by any exhibition of the top-hamper above the trees and jungle growth, Captain Ratlin left his crew under charge of the first officer, Mr. Faulkner, and returned once more to the seaboard and the establishment of Don Leonardo. Here it would be necessary for him to remain for a week or more, while the Spaniard sent his runners inland to the chiefs of the various coast tribes to forward the prisoners of war to his barracoons. This period of time was passed in various domestic amusements, in observing the sports and games of the natives, their habits, and studying their nationalities—for the slaves in Don Leonardo's barracoons represented a score of different tribes, each characteristic of its origin.

Mrs. Huntington regarded Captain Ratlin's intercourse with Maud with much interest, which she did not attempt to disguise, while her daughter did so under the disguise of indifference, but with the most intense interest. Not a word,

look, or sign between t
token of any understan
dence as existing betwe
the Quadroon.

Maud, on her part, l
what since the first da
strangers. *Then* she w
strained as innocence it
regard the new comers
she saw the deep feeling
commander towards the
heard a strange charm
when he addressed the
moments Mrs. Huntingt
her bosom heave quickly
a wild and startling fire
This was jealousy, plain
fact that no woman woul
understand.

It was not possible th
blind to the feeling evince
wards her daughter, and
this sentiment maintaine
licitous character which
would redound to their
ty, as they were in one
power. But as it rega
daughter's entertaining
or seriously considering
could not for a moment
did not at all consider
danger of her daughte
no, no! Had not she bee
tion from earliest girlho
polished men? She did
cessary to speak to her
might be as friendly as sh
der the circumstances.

But the daughter herse
eye was so indifferent, w
strangely impressed by
and devoted attention of
slaver. His attention wa
most unquestioned delica
he had never uttered the
he might not properly
mother—indeed, he had
frontery to urge a suit th
the question, and yet he
towards the English girl,
from her the true sentime
his inmost heart; she mu
woman not to have read
to her scrutiny.

It was the first time tha
her mother, because it wa
had loved. Yes, loved,
as soon have sacrificed
knowledged it, yet she
poor untutored Quadroon
the mother could not, w
and knowledge of the w
ousy is an apt teacher, a
Leonardo was now tho
sighed for revenge, and
she might gain the longe

Captain Ratlin had ey
and that was the young
girl. He never gave a
had never done so for one
of her father, or rather
connected in a business p
he had given a present to
endeavored to make him
all times, but never for o
ous thought of any degr
the most public and ordi
ably Maud herself would
riously about the matter
much the English girl s
in accomplishment, and i
the interest of one like C

Jealousy is a subtle poi
was feeding upon it gr
effect was daily becoming
fest in her behaviour.

[TO BE CON

MRS. PARTINGTON

"If ever I'm married,
from the book he was r
stove door to energeticall
ried—" "Don't speak
you are old enough to un
binds congealing souls.
of marriage with impurit
children think of now a d
pinafores, and young girl
seed into spittoon curls, a
ries, are talking of marri
their teens. Think of
ried! Yet there's Mr. Sp
his wife away, went right
etery and got another, no
of a family than I am to
and aldermen." She ta
her friend, the colonel, h
eye resting upon the gold
tre of the lid, as if hear
mind at the time, while h
sentence, kept on with h
ing himself with a ped
stove door, and a clatter
chair with the handle of
—*Post.*

MOTHERS AND

It is a most painful spe
the mother is the drudg
elegantly dressed, recli
their music, their fancy w
beguiling themselves to t
and weeks, and never dr
sibilities; but, as a nece
neglected duty, growing
lives, laying hold of eve
ulant to rouse their droop
ing their fate when they
God for having placed
These individuals will o
of affected compassion,
working herself to death;
propose that they should
declare she is quite in
that she would never be
half as much to do.—*N.*

The wit of conversation
ing it in others, than in
yourself; he who goes f
pleased with himself and
well pleased with you.
please than admire you,
structed, nay, diverted, r
applauded; and the mo
is to please another.

look, or sign between them betrayed the least token of any understanding or peculiar confidence as existing between the commander and the Quadroon.

Maud, on her part, began to change somewhat since the first day of the arrival of the strangers. *Then* she was as free and unconstrained as innocence itself—*now* she seemed to regard the new-comers with a jealous eye, for she saw the deep feeling evinced by the young commander towards the fairest of the two; she heard a strange charm in the tone of his voice when he addressed the daughter, and at such moments Mrs. Huntington more than once saw her bosom heave quickly, and her eye flash with a wild and startling fire that made her tremble. This was jealousy, plain and unmistakable, a fact that no woman would have been at a loss to understand.

It was not possible that the mother should be blind to the feeling evinced by Captain Ratlin towards her daughter, and she thought, so long as this sentiment maintained the respectful and solicitous character which it now bore, that it would redound to their security and future safety, as they were in one sense completely in his power. But as it regarded the idea of her daughter's entertaining any affection for him, or seriously considering his advances, the idea could not for a moment enter her head. She did not at ill consider that there was any danger of her daughter's losing her heart—no, no! Had not she been accustomed to attention from earliest girlhood, and from the most polished men? She did not even think it necessary to speak to her upon the subject; she might be as friendly as she pleased with him under the circumstances.

But the daughter herself, who to her mother's eye was so indifferent, was at heart deeply and strangely impressed by the frank, chivalrous and devoted attention of the commander of the slaver. His attention was characterized by the most unquestioned delicacy and consideration; he had never uttered the first syllable to her that he might not properly have used before her mother—indeed, he had not the boldness or effrontery to urge a suit that he knew was out of the question, and yet he felt irresistibly drawn towards the English girl, and could not disguise from her the true sentiments that so plainly filled his inmost heart; she must have been less than woman not to have read his very soul, so bared to her scrutiny.

It was the first time that she had ever deceived her mother, because it was the first time that she had loved. Yes, loved, for though she would as soon have sacrificed her life as to have acknowledged it, yet she did love him, and the poor untutored Quadroon girl read the fact that the mother could not, with all her cultivation and knowledge of the world, detect. But jealousy is an apt teacher, and the spirit of Maud Leonardo was now thoroughly aroused; she sighed for revenge, and puzzled her brain how she might gain the longed-for end.

Captain Ratlin had eyes for only one object, and that was the young and beautiful English girl. He never gave a thought to Maud; he had never done so for one moment. As a friend of her father, or rather as a dealer intimately connected in a business point of view with him, he had given a present to his daughter, and had endeavored to make himself agreeable to her at all times, but never for one moment with a serious thought of any degree of intimacy, save of the most public and ordinary character. Probably Maud herself would have never thought seriously about the matter had she not felt how much the English girl surpassed her in beauty, in accomplishment, and in all that might attract the interest of one like Captain Ratlin.

Jealousy is a subtle poison, and the Quadroon was feeding upon it greedily, while its baleful effect was daily becoming more and more manifest in her behaviour.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. PARTINGTON ON MATRIMONY.

"If ever I'm married," said Ike, looking up from the book he was reading, and kicking the stove door to energetically—"If ever I'm married—" "Don't speak of marriage, Isaac, till you are old enough to understand the bond that binds congealing souls. People mustn't speak of marriage with impurity. It is the first thing children think of now-a-days, and young boys in pinafores, and young girls with their heads fricaseed into spittoon curls, and full of lovesick stories, are talking of marriage before they get into their teens. Think of such ones getting married! Yet there's Mr. Spaid, when Heaven took his wife away, went right to a young lady's cemetery and got another, no more fit to be the head of a family than I am to be the board of mayor and aldermen." She tapped the new box that her friend, the colonel, had given her, with her eye resting upon the gold heart inlaid in the centre of the lid, as if hearts were trumps in her mind at the time, while Ike without finishing the sentence, kept on with his reading, accompanying himself with a pedal performance on the stove door, and a clatter upon the round of his chair with the handle of a fork in his left hand.—*Post.*

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

It is a most painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their music, their fancy work, and their reading, beguiling themselves to the lapse of hours, days and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but, as a necessary consequence of a neglected duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly-invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate when they dare not blame their God for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion, that "poor mamma is working herself to death;" yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do.—*N. Y. Albion.*

The wit of conversation consists more in finding it in others, than in showing a great deal yourself; he who goes from your conversation pleased with himself and his own art, is perfectly well pleased with you. Most men had rather please than admire you, and look up to be instructed, nay, diverted, rather than approved and applauded; and the most delicate of pleasures is to please another.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THEIR TURN MAY COME NEXT!

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

Sad heirs of misfortune! come, heed my advice;
Whatever your lot, ne'er despair:
If seeming friends, once warm, have grown cold as ice,
And salute with indifferent air,—
With a mind unperplexed,
And a heart never vexed,
Frown not, mourn not,—
Their turn may come next!

If the losses of business bring blight on your name,
And riches put on their false wings;
And if men, false-hearted, your sorrow would shame,
And exult where adversity stings,—
With a mind unperplexed,
And a heart never vexed,
Frown not, mourn not,—
Their turn may come next!

If the fall of a party your prospects defeat,
And the victors your weakness disdain,
Remember how often with slippery feet,
Men walk in prosperity's reign:
So with mind unperplexed,
And with heart never vexed,
Frown not, mourn not,—
Their turn may come next!

If chance should remove you from dignity's post,
And some upstart the station degrade,
Who conquers his fate has a far higher boast,
Than a hero by accident made.
So with mind unperplexed,
And with heart never vexed,
Frown not, mourn not,—
His turn may come next!

If calumny's voice, be you man, be you maid,
In public or private, decry;
Good repute, on a basis of innocence laid,
Cannot long be kept down by a lie.
So with mind unperplexed,
And with heart never vexed,
Frown not, mourn not,—
His turn may come next!

And you, faded beauty, the loss who deplore,
At a rival's success ne'er repine;
Though scornfulness bear off the garland you wore,
And laugh at your charms in decline,—
With a mind unperplexed,
With a heart never vexed
Frown not, mourn not,—
Her turn may come next!

Ye invalids pale, who in sickness or age,
To the end of life's journey are near,
More robust and more youthful may strut o'er the stage,
And treat you with slight or with sneer;
But with mind unperplexed,
With heart never vexed,
Frown not, mourn not,—
Their turn will come next!

And O, ye forlorn, whom desertion or death
Has left no companion to love,
Though affection be bleeding, let mockery's breath
Your souls to complaint never move;
But with mind unperplexed,
Though with heart sorely vexed,
Frown not, mourn not,—
His turn may come next!

And yours may come too! Trust in God! Ne'er give up!
Fortune's wheel will forever turn round;
And oft when she proffers her bitterest cup,
She drops it, with smiles, to the ground.
So with mind unperplexed,
With heart never vexed,
Frown not, mourn not,—
Your turn will come next!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BROKEN BANKER.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

"WHO is it, father?" asked the blooming and sprightly daughter of Horace Brintnall, the rich banker, one evening, as they sat in the splendid parlor of her parent. "Whom did you allude to, thus sharply?" she repeated; for, as she entered the room, Mr. B. had just remarked, that he didn't fancy such people, and the man was an easy dispositioned rogue, he had no doubt.

"Nobody that you know, Cally, I trust," replied her parent, affectionately.

"I think I heard you mention his name, though."

"Meadows?" queried her father.

"So I thought, father, and I should be sorry to feel that any member of the Meadows family should merit such an appellation as I heard you mention just now."

The parent said nothing more for the moment, and the subject passed by, but was not forgotten by the banker. Cally *did* know young Meadows, though; and she had conceived a fancy for him, though she had met him but recently. He had lately returned from an India voyage, whither he had been sent by his parents, a year before, to keep him out of mischief at home.

William Meadows—the subject of the above spicy remark—was a reckless and dissolute youth, bred in the fashionable world, and at twenty-one was nearly *ripe!* Within a few weeks, he had re-appeared in society, after a year's absence, and was the same dashing, accomplished, but dangerous gallant that he ever had been, his journey abroad having only had the effect of whetting anew his disposition for the enjoyments of the "high life" that he had for years been the votary of.

Soon after his arrival from Canton, he met Miss Caroline Brintnall, the fair daughter of the wealthy banker; but her father was not aware that she had seen him. He became enamored of her, and at once paid court to her, while she condescended to permit his attentions, for she really conceived him to be a very entertaining and agreeable gentleman. When she overheard her father's remark, she was a good deal astonished, as well as secretly grieved, for she believed, first, that her parent must be grossly deceived, while, at the same time, she did not hesitate to acknowledge to herself that she had never yet met the man whom she thought she could more worthily love.

The encouragement which she gave to young Meadows was fatal to the hopes of her father. The young man came of a good family, his parents were worthy and rich, and the boy was tolerated in society, where "Cally" (as her father affectionately called her) came continually in contact with him. He lost no time and no opportunity in paying his *devoirs* to her, and in her simplicity and honesty of heart she came at last to love him devotedly. She was charmed with his flattery and his polished manners, and never dreamed, in her wild and first affection, but that he was defamed, when she casually heard of his *laisons*, and his dissolute habits. To *her* he was always the same gentlemanly deceiver, and in her presence he suffered no show of impropriety in his conduct to alarm or undeceive her expectations and her good opinion of him.

Finally, Mr. William Meadows ventured to call at her father's residence. Caroline chanced to be absent from home that evening, a circumstance with which he was unacquainted, but which served the purpose of confirming the young man in his previously acquired suspicions, that the banker did not fancy him; a fact which, in his recklessness, he cared very little about, but which prepared him to carry out his scheme regarding the daughter, in his own defiant and unprincipled choice of manner. He met Mr. Brintnall that night alone. After a cold and formal reception on the father's part, he remarked:

"My daughter, Mr. Meadows, is absent. I am not sorry for this circumstance, for I have no wish to mortify you, or to wound her feelings in your presence. Nevertheless, I desire that you may now understand, once for all, that your visits at my house will be offensive. I ask that you will not repeat this call; and if you conform to the wish and expectation that I now freely express to you, privately, between ourselves, you will never again intrude yourself here. As to your attentions to Miss Caroline, elsewhere, I will add, that I lately hear of it, and it is excessively disagreeable to me, as I presume your importunities must be to her. She has been educated for a different purpose, and another fate than that which must follow upon an intimacy with you, sir! Do we understand each other, think you?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Brintnall," replied Meadows, entirely unabashed, and twirling his watch-chain gracefully, "this reception is very remarkable, not to say peculiarly cool! I have been flattered, sir, with the gentle and respectful treatment I have met with at your daughter's hands thus far, and I had understood that her father was not only a gentleman, but that she resembled him closely, in disposition and characteristics. This conduct on your part, sir, leaves me no alternative but to believe that you have been misrepresented to me, or that you do not know me, assuredly."

"I know all I wish to know of you, all that is necessary for me to know, William Meadows," continued the old gentleman, firmly, and warming up at the coolness and *nonchalance* of his forbidding visitor. "You are a dissolute, idle, but 'fashionably respectable' spendthrift; and I do not like your habits."

"You are candid, sir!"

"I mean to be so, always, Mr. Meadows. You are not the kind of man I wish my daughter to associate with. And I trust that your deportment towards her, hereafter, as well as to me, will be such that I shall find no occasion again to remind you, in the future, that I am in earnest in what I now say."

"You are severe, Mr. Brintnall."

"I have done, for the present," said the banker, rising, with a dignified air. "You now know my wishes, and so far as I and mine are concerned, I trust that you will remember my words."

"Good morning, Mr. Brintnall," responded the young spendthrift; and he bowed himself politely out of the banker's house.

"The old boy is really *personal*," he continued, to himself, as he left the door. "I shall marry his daughter, probably, nevertheless! At any rate, Cally is a charming creature, and I will possess her, now, at some little trouble, if necessary, since the old gentleman has been disposed to snarl, thus, before he's harmed. I'll marry Cally, at a venture,"—*and he did!*

Two years after this conversation and scene at the fine residence of Mr. Brintnall, Cally wrote her father an affectionate letter one morning, in which she acknowledged all his care and affection and constant indulgence towards her, for eighteen years, and informed him that she had for a long period loved a man whom he would not permit himself to be pleased with, and that that night she had consented to marry him, and join her fate with his fortune, for good or ill!

This intelligence was astounding to himself, as well as to the circle of society she moved in, for it was believed that Caroline Brintnall was all gentleness and innocence, and could scarcely have been induced to elope from her kind father's house, except under the most extraordinary circumstances. But a variety of scenes had occurred in the past two years, which none knew of, save the lovers. They had often met clandestinely. Cally knew from report only what Meadows was; she had watched him as narrowly as it was possible for her to do; she had never met with aught but polite attentions and respectful endearments at his hands, in spite of all that was whispered against him, and, as she loved him, she was blind to certain of his errors and shortcomings that occurred from time to time, during their acquaintance.

Among the schemes which this fashionable scoundrel resorted to, in secret, to "keep up appearances" until he should have won the prize he sought, was that of forging his own father's name, in various ways, to raise money. Many of the false bills and checks which he thus drew, he contrived, however, to protect, himself, as they matured; but occasionally they had lain over, and the parent of the wilful and dissolute Meadows would pay them, from time to time, to save his son from the penitentiary.

During the period of two years, the (supposed) wealthy banker had been declining in wealth, and his business, which was carried on under the "free banking" law of the State where he resided, had also been exceedingly disastrous. Firm after firm, and merchant after merchant, whose notes he had cashed in that time, had failed or become bankrupt, and when he received the letter of his daughter, pecuniary ruin, also, was staring him in the face. His capital of over two hundred thousand dollars (originally invested in his banking operations) had all been absorbed, and he had scarcely ten thousand dollars worth of reliable securities at this time. He would have sunk under this accumulated trouble, had not the event of his daughter's elopement and a serious act of rascality occurred at the same time, which spurred the old man up, and caused him to turn upon the viper who had stung him so fearfully.

Mr. Brintnall came into possession of his daughter's letter soon after dinner. He had no means of knowing whither she had gone, with the young rascal who had thus stolen her, but he suspected one of his servants as soon as he had read the letter (which had been delivered to him some hours earlier than Cally had intended), and he immediately summoned him to his presence. The lackey hastened to respond to his master's sudden summons, for he suspected that something had gone wrong, and he knew that old Mr. Brintnall, when out of temper, was not a man to be trifled with with impunity. Immediately upon Tom's entering the parlor, where Mr. Brintnall awaited him, that gentleman arose, and hastily locking the door on the inside, to the surprise and great alarm of the servant, he said:

"Thomas, I have observed that your young mistress, Caroline, has been unusually busy of late, and that your services have been more actively in requisition under her directions than has been customary. What has it all been about?"

"I have obeyed the instructions of missus, only, sir."

"I don't want any equivocation or prevaricating now, Thomas," said Mr. Brintnall, firmly, and rather hastily, "and take more than usual care that you misrepresent nothing to me in this affair. Your mistress has been abducted, Thomas, and you are privy to it, mind you."

Thomas didn't understand that word, "abducted," at all; and he was now certain that his young mistress had fallen out of the carriage and broken her neck, or had been in some horrible manner maltreated, or the father would never have come at him with any such term as this.

"Well, sir, s'elp me, God! I haven't ducked nobody, and I don't know nobody that has 'ducted anybody, no way. I've been told by missus to do this and the other thing, sir, and she's always—"

"Paid you liberally for it, I've no doubt."

"Well, I—I—"

"In one word, Thomas, if you wish to save yourself from immediate imprisonment, for aiding and abetting—"

"I haint bet a dollar, sir,—not a cent."

"You have aided in getting her away, I say; you don't deny *that*, do you?" thundered Mr. Brintnall. (Tom hadn't admitted it, either, but he was desperately alarmed at Mr. Brintnall's firmness and excitement.)

"No, sir,—no—I—"

"Where is your mistress, *now?*"

"I don't know, sir."

"Where did she start from?"

"From the house, sir,—here."

"What place is she gone to? Quick, Thomas—I have no more time to waste here."

"To Bedford, sir."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

"To be married?"

"I be—lieve so—yes, sir—at the Globe Hotel, sir."

The door was unlocked, and Mr. Brintnall said: "Have a pair of horses here within ten minutes, you villain!"

Tom started.

"And Thomas, do you mind—on your life, don't you fail me!"

"N—no—*no*, sir," said Tom. And within six minutes two horses, ready saddled, were ready before the door of Mr. Brintnall's house.

"Mount!" said the old gentleman, in a threatening tone to his servant, as he sprang into one saddle himself, and pointed to the other for Tom, "mount, and join me."

At this critical moment, a Notary Public reached the door of Brintnall's dwelling, and hailed that gentleman.

"I can't stop now," said Mr. Brintnall, hastily.

"It is a matter of importance, sir."

"Who's failed?" said Mr. Brintnall, supposing it to be one of his promisors.

"William Meadows, I suppose, sir."

"*Meadows?* He's the very man I'm after," said Brintnall.

"So you've found it out, eh?" remarked the man, who was, however, in error. "Here—look," continued the notary.

The banker stepped to the ground, and found a protest in the hands of the notary, upon his own note of hand for ten thousand dollars, at sixty days, which had fallen due that day, and was unpaid! He glanced at it a moment, and instantly pronounced it a rank *forgery!*

"Where did you get this?" inquired Mr. B., astounded.

"From the bank, sir. It was cashed by Forvet & Co., a month ago."

"Who got the money?"

"Mr. William Meadows. See—the endorser."

"Meadows! It is a forgery, I say!"

"He is your son-in-law, however."

"No—no!" screamed Mr. Brintnall, "don't say that, too,—for God's sake don't add that to the crime," and overpowered with his emotions and rage, he stumbled forward, and was caught from fainting to the earth in the stout arms of his friend, the notary.

Recovering himself quickly, however, he added, "do you know anything of him, or where he is now?"

"Bartlett met him at Dover, to-day, he says."

"Dover!" exclaimed Mr. Brintnall, turning to Tom, perplexed.

"He *said* he was going to Bedford," reiterated the servant.

"Down, you rogue," said Mr. Brintnall, "I'll settle with you at my leisure. Quick, Mr. Swain, quick!" continued the enraged parent,—"you can ride? Join me, and take the villain ere he can escape across the channel;" and in another moment the two men were galloping at a terrific speed towards Dover.

Such were precisely the facts. Meadows had forged the note, obtained the money (unknown to the daughter, of course, and all unsuspected by her), and calculated to put everybody on the wrong scent by giving out, at the last moment, that he was going to Bedford only, to be married to the banker's daughter. He proceeded to Dover (where he chanced to be seen by a friend of the notary, who returned to town and reported it thus), and he designed, after his wedding, to proceed to Calais, and thence to the Continent, where he would avoid arrest, and subsequently compromise the affair as best he could. He imagined, as the banker's daughter would thus be involved, that her father would relent,—forgive them, pay the note, and save his child's *husband* from future harm. This was a nice little arrangement, but the spendthrift had "reckoned without his host!"

Away dashed the parent and the notary, at full speed. They reached Dover an hour after dark, but Cally was already a wife—an hour old. The fugitives could not be found! They proceeded to the steamer that sailed for Calais at nine in the evening, and at half past eight the newly married couple came on board, quietly. A warrant had previously been got out for use, if they found the rascal, and five minutes after William Meadows, the spendthrift and forger, had placed his foot upon the steamer's deck, he was in irons—the sheriff's prisoner!

"He is my husband, father!" screamed poor Cally, distracted at the summary movement she was compelled to witness, and utterly ignorant of the real cause of the arrest.

"He is a robber and a villain, daughter!" yelled the old man, almost beside himself. "Come! Thank God, it is not too late to save my credulous and misled child!"

The husband was borne to prison, and the young wife accompanied her father back to his troubled dwelling, crushed by her fearful and conflicting emotions.

The whole truth was soon laid before the unfortunate wife of an hour, and she was led at last to realize how narrowly she had escaped from the precipice that had yawned before her. At the end of a week, she was reconciled to the belief of the facts, and a month afterwards she thanked Providence and her kind old father for the results that had been brought about.

The forgery was readily proved, and a divorce was very soon obtained for Cally. Meadows was released upon bail, through the influence of his friends, and instantly fled his country, leaving his parents to foot the bond. But all these things were too much for old Mr. Brintnall to bear up under; and within a year his business was closed up, his liabilities were all paid, and he had less than five thousand dollars left to his honored but strangely unlucky name.

He died, and left the wreck of his once splendid fortune to his darling daughter.

Two years after these events, Caroline Brintnall was borne to the nuptial altar by a highly respectable gentleman of her father's acquaintance, with whom she was subsequently a happy wife, and who proved to the orphan girl a kind husband and a faithful protector in after years.

SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.

It is one of the errors of the day to exalt a superficial and showy intellectuality above solid knowledge. By this we mean that theories caught up without reflection are often preferred to the precepts of wisdom; that brilliant rhetoricians are frequently held in more esteem than great statesmen; that words are put before deeds, epigrams before sound counsel, and a mere hasty perception of a subject before a comprehensive understanding of it.

We can best illustrate the distinction we draw, by referring to familiar examples of them. Washington, for instance, was eminently wise, because whatever matter he took up, he made it his business thoroughly to know. He was one of the best and most far-sighted farmers of his day, early abandoning the cultivation of tobacco as too exhausting for the soil, introducing the breed of mules, and otherwise taking the lead in agriculture. He was a great general, because he saw, from the very first, that the Fabian policy was the only one for a leader in his position to adopt. He was a great statesman, for, after having heard all sides, he nearly always decided in a way that met the approval, not only of his own times, but of subsequent generations. Whatever he thought about, of that he made thorough work. Whatever he did, he did, in consequence of this trait, in the best possible manner under the circumstances.—*Phila. Dollar Newspaper.*

RATHER COLD.

Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, relates the following, which occurred in his presence at Baden in Germany:

At this juncture we were joined by an English party, when the subject matter brought under discussion was bathing.

"I take a sponge bath every morning when at home," said John Bull.

"So do I," retorted the Yankee.

"Winter and summer," continued the Englishman.

"My system exactly," responded the Yankee.

"Is your weather and water cold?" queried John Bull.

"Right chilly," continued Brother Jonathan.

"How cold?" inquired John.

"So cold that the water all freezes as I pour it down my back, and rattles upon the floor in the shape of hail!" responded the Yankee, with the same cunning twinkle of the eye. "Were you in the next room to me in America," he continued, "and could hear me as I am taking my sponge bath of a cold winter's morning, you would think I was pouring dry beans down my back!"

FRENCH RABBITS.

A gentleman relating the incidents of his travels while in Paris, says: "I entered a restaurant and ordered a rabbit. I was green—verdant as a young cucumber, even as early peas—or I should not have done thus. The rabbit came, and I offered the Moniteur to an old Frenchman, whose eyes were fixed on my plate, but he bowed a negative. The bow puzzled me. It was too much.

"'Monsieur has not been long in Paris.'

"'No, I have just arrived.'

"'Monsieur is going to eat that.'

"'Yes, may I offer you a slice?'

"'Monsieur will allow me to make a slight observation?' inquired the Frenchman, with a frightful grimace.

"'Certainly,' I replied, becoming alarmed.

"'Monsieur, that rabbit once mewed,' he replied, with the utmost gravity."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOPE ON—HOPE EVER!

BY A. D. LANE.

When sorrow's storms above you lower,
  And joy seems fled forever,
Your watchword, in that darksome hour,
  Should be, hope on—hope ever!

The darkest cloud will pass away,
  The wildest tempest cease;
The heart, where sorrow long held sway,
  Shall be the abode of peace.

Hope on—hope ever! life is not
  A scene alone of tears;
For many a bright and sunny spot
  Along our path appears.

Hope on—hope ever! dry those tears
  That flow for earthly sorrow;
And though the present dark appears,
  Look for a bright to-morrow.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THE storm raged violently without and roaring through the battlements, rumbled in smoky gusts down the huge chimneys of the crumbling castle, that stood on the wild sea-shore of Brittany. A wilder burst than ordinary rattled the iron-barred casements, ruffled the faded and worn arras on the wall, and threw open the shrunken door of the old hall. A young man, of an extraordinary beauty and stateliness, rose to close it before the noisy vehemence of the tempest should disturb the only other occupant of the apartment, an old man, who slept on a low cot before the smouldering fire; but a tall cloaked figure standing in the doorway and shaking off the wet in a shower of spray, caused the young man to start back with a gesture of defence.

"Have no fear, my lord," said the stranger, in excellent English, throwing down his cloak and disclosing the noble features of Stanley.

"Welcome, welcome, dear father-in-law! replied the young man, in a low tone, pointing to the sleeper, and taking his guest by the hand, he led him to the only seat in the room, a low stool by the fire, and threw himself on the mat by the old man's cot. "How camest thou in France, Stanley?" he asked.

"For thee," was the reply. "I laugh, in troth, at my dissembling, but this misshapen Gloucester will, ere a month, dispose of too many English hearts and lives, unless thou establishest thy claim. Richmond, thy mother, my dear wife, sends thee her greeting, and thou wilt return with me!"

"I scarcely think so, my lord," answered Richmond. "I have neither means nor men. I shall not be of age for a month, and I cannot leave my uncle!"

"Look to him now, Henry," whispered Stanley.

The old man, with his long gray hair falling on his shoulders, had half risen. "I am denied unction," he said, "but I have holier chrism! Come hither, Henry."

The young man rose and knelt by his uncle's side. There had lain under the pillow, for a long time, a minute flask of oil. This the old Earl of Pembroke now opened. "A hundred years and more have gone," he murmured, "since the kindred drops of this oil were poured over thine ancestor, great Edward's head, and by its sacred power I consecrate *thee*, Henry Tudor, to be king and ruler over England!" and he held the inverted flask over the flowing hair of the young earl. "God be with thee, my child, the saints mediate for thee, Christ redeem thee!" and he fell back on his cushions. Perchance the flask had, for many generations, been empty, but it seemed to him that an invisible incense filled the place, and the silver wings of angels, drawn to a solemn apex, vibrated above him through the delicious fragrance. Henry bent over him with eager tenderness, laving his forehead and parting his hair. The smile grew into stone upon his uncle's face, while he turned his head upon the pillow, and died calmly as the twilight fades.

"Art thou dead, Jasper Tudor?" uttered a sharp, harsh voice beside the bed. Stanley looked quickly up, but the youth, in his sudden stupor of grief, seemed not to notice it. The speaker was a tall, spare woman, who had entered unobserved. Her black hair hanging over either side of her face, tangled among loosened jewels, her thin, sharp features, her wild, black eyes, sunken and glittering, and her bloodless, hollow cheeks, gave her a mien of frightful fierceness. Her garments were weather-stained and dripping, and her whole aspect haggard and miserable in the extreme.

"Art thou dead?" she reiterated, in a louder tone; "spoiler, art thou spoiled? I have travelled far to see it!" and she seemed to drink in great draughts of malignant joy.

"Queen Margaret!" said Stanley.

"Margaret of Anjou throws down her crown and curses her people! 'Woe to Ariel, to Ariel, the city where David dwelt.' Thou seest him lie there," she continued, after a moment, in a lower and bitterer tone, "the dead old man! Yet those calm eyes saw the four red swords that dyed themselves in my boy's blood!"

"Nay, indeed," began Stanley.

"I tell thee he is slain! I, myself, saw it!" she retorted, and her arms, which had hitherto hung listlessly by her side, while her face alone expressed her emotion, were now raised with wild tossings, wringing her slender fingers as her figure swayed to and fro through her passion. "My child! my joy!" she cried, and stepping forward, she seized the dead man fiercely by the arm.

"Woman!" cried Richmond, striking her aside.

"Who sayeth I have sinned? Who knoweth aught of me? He searcheth all hearts!" she answered, as if her own mind were her angel of condemnation. "I am crazed! I am lost! For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" And with outflung hands she staggered from the room.

"My Lord Stanley," said Richmond, in a few moments, "thou art in danger here. Refresh thyself with viands, and seek again thy tyrant. I cannot go with thee now. Two years from this time, kind father, and either will I be dead, or have fulfilled this night's consecration."

As Lord Stanley opened the door, some hours later, to depart into the storm, he stumbled over an obstacle that lay in his path. It was Margaret of Anjou. She, too, was dead.

It was rather more than a twelve-month since the old Earl of Pembroke died, that Henry of Richmond, near the hour of sunset, was crossing on horseback one of the many vast English forests, for heavy bands of followers, and vague, unsettled plans awaited him a few miles beyond the other side. A merry company of hunters both male and female, were advancing confusedly with shouts and laughter and jocund windings of the hunting horn. Dashing in full chase by the spot where Henry had reined his steed, he had scarcely time to notice the white York roses which hung round their horses' ears, ere they were out of sight. Urging his noble animal on, conscious of his danger should he be recognized, though that were hardly possible, owing to his long residence in Brittany, he heard the sound of hoofs upon the leaves beneath, and looking up, beheld a mounted lady approaching on the narrow bridle-path in which he now was.

Immediately he alighted, and led his horse between the trees, where he might observe her as she securely passed to rejoin her party. A dark-green habit, displaying the brilliant purity of her complexion, set off her fine figure to advantage, and round her shoulders was hung a silver hunting horn. Clear, hazel eyes smilingly acknowledged his courtesy, and thick chestnut curls were knotted under a green cloth cap, whence depended a single white rose.

"It is the Princess Elizabeth, doubtless, of York, from what I have heard," he said to himself; "she has as much beauty as probably hate for me," and he rode quietly on. Suddenly hearing a loud shriek, he reined about and beheld the princess struggling in the hands of two highwaymen. It required not a moment for Henry to reach the place, and to rescue, with his knightly sword and well trained strength, the lovely girl from their grasp, leaving one robber to measure his length senseless upon the earth, and the other to escape with a broken head and a shoulder laid open to the bone.

"Whither are thy friends?" asked he, taking her check-rein, for the path was now wider.

"They were together in the valley below the forge, some six miles hence," replied a sweeter voice than Brittany ever heard.

"Let me guard thee to them," and they went on together.

When the princess had sufficiently recovered from her agitation, finding her champion a stranger in the country, she deemed it but suitable, out of her many thanks, to put aside condescension, and entertain him with what ready wit she could command, and, therefore, in lively conversation and mutual enjoyment they reached the forge. The hunters were assembled in the valley below, evidently awaiting her.

"And now," said she, in parting, "may I not know the name of my preserver?"

A wild red rose-bush, of the kind the peasantry call primrose, grew near, and breaking off a spray, he thrust one into his sword-belt, and offered her the other, saying:

"If thou ever, sweet cousin Elizabeth, wishest a friend, think of this rose, and send for thy greatest enemy." And he sprang quickly off.

The princess gazed after him a moment, with the rose in her hand, then hiding it beneath the trimmings of her dress, while an expression of the greatest pain wound over her face, as if she saw far into the future.

"I should have known it was Richmond," she said, "there is but one such man below!" and she cantered down the hill to meet her party.

"My lord," said she, to the Earl of Salisbury, a few hours after, "have the women of Brittany any superfluous beauty?"

"Nay, your highness," he replied, "they are hard-favored wenches, with cheeks as red as Lancastrian roses." And the princess said nothing of her adventure in the forest.

It is not recorded in Sir John Froissart's chronicles, nor yet in any others, how often Richmond met the Princess Elizabeth in these forests, by the running brooks, or in the stately parks; what private interviews with the Yorkists he held, for the peace of the nation; nor by what spell he taught her ear to watch for his footsteps, her cheeks to flush with his coming, or her eye, as he thought, to brighten at his whispered words of love. But could any one have looked into the depths of her heart, they would have read upon its secretly graven talisman, a deep, strong love for another, and an utter apathy towards Henry of Richmond, only awakened into a miserable fear of the indistinct future at any sound of his coming.

Again another twelve-month had passed, and the red sunset, sinking down the sea, illumined somewhat duskily the sweet-scented garden close of York, where the princess paced with a silken rustle down alleys of waxen roses, and the Earl of Richmond by her side.

"Methinks," said she, in her low, sad voice, sad, her lover thought, because he risked so much, "that thy bravery grows upon rashness to be thus; thou knowest my wicked uncle will be here anon!"

"Nay, love," he answered, "what of it? I have more within a dozen rods than would suffer Richard to lay a finger on me."

"Thou art the better man of the two," said she, with a kind of laughing pride. "Dost remember, Henry, this spray of withered roses?" and unclasping a small portfolio, she showed him the flowers of a twelve-month since.

"Canst doubt it?" answered he. "York conquered at the pitched fields of Barnet and Tewkesbury, and again in the forest, without a struggle. I did hang the mate of those dead blossoms at my belt," he added, merrily, "where after to-morrow thou shalt always be, next my heart, dear Bess!" Had his arm been round her, he would have felt the cold shudder pulsing through her frame at his words.

"Thou art then so certain of success?"

"Did not a king foretell it to me? We have the right on our side, though not the numbers. We will rid the land of a tyrant, by fighting all like lions, fair enemy!"

"I must, perforce, seem to be with York," she remonstrated, "but all my prayers should be for Lancaster. My lord, if thou ever so much hearest that I have promised to be this murderer's wife, do not thou believe it,—I never will. When shall I see thee again?"

"Thou shalt meet me on my shield to-morrow night, with funeral tears, my love, or I will meet thee in kingly state!"

"If thou lovest me, as thou sayest, let the thought of me nerve thee in the battle;" but though she laughed, it was with a sudden resumption of pain on her white face.

"Bosworth plain——who comes through the shrubbery?"

"Mother of God! It is my Uncle Richard himself! Quick! wrap thy cloak about thy face, and stand at the end of this walk as my guard!"

In a moment the earl was at his post, while Elizabeth turned about and went up the alley alone, still allowing him to keep her in sight.

"Good morrow, pretty cousin," said the hunchback king, coming unattended towards her, with extended hands.

"Good morrow, good *uncle*," she answered, not noticing his hand.

"Why dost thou walk here alone?" he asked.

"Because I knew that thou wert coming."

"Then thou didst come hither to meet me, lass?"

"Mayhap I did not think of thee at all," she said, abstractedly.

"Nay, coz, thou hast thought of me more than thou wouldst confess! I know it by the hidden necromancy of love."

"I doubt not that thou mayest add magic to the list of thine other accomplishments, good uncle."

"What hast thou there?" he asked, abruptly, seeing the spray of roses lying upon the open port-folio.

"A Lancastrian trophy."

"Give it me!"

"Nay, it is of a singular genus; I will preserve it. The thorns would trouble thee!"

"Thou shouldst only have to do with pure York roses!" he said, tartly.

"To-morrow will decide that!" answered she, looking him steadily in the face.

"To-morrow will be an eventful day, both for York and Lancaster,—hated name!" he replied, looking away. "There is not much time to dally," he resumed, turning to the quiet princess again. "If I conquer, thou knowest I come in state to wed thee then?"

"Ay?" replied she, interrogatively.

"More easily, now, than her Aunt Anne," he thought, but he said, "Thou art not over cordial, hast naught to say concerning it?"

"I shall have much to say then," was all she answered.

"Difficult girl! Clothe thy beauty in bridal array, and prepare to see me on to-morrow's sunset!" he retorted, angrily.

"Whither shall thy brother's child meet thee?" she asked, her great eyes penetrating his soul.

"Thou wouldst imply an impossibility? Sweet coz, I am king! If thou wert my *father's* child, I would wed thee!"

"Thy father's children are all 'free, among the dead!'" she answered, calmly.

"Thou shalt be requited, bitterly, one day, for thy gentle taunts, thou jade," he muttered, adding aloud, "Would they were here to witness our joy!"

"Thou mayest see them all before the fight, if thy dreams trouble thee, King Richard!"

"King Richard is not nervous, dear coz. But time presses, and I have some way to journey to-night, yet I rejoice to see thee so willingly disposed! Farewell, my happy bride!" and kissing her fingers, he was turning to leave the place, when she said:

"Perchance, Uncle Richard, it may behoove thee to know that I am no bride of thine,—that I despise and hate thee,—that thou art the one black cloud upon my life! Murderer of my father, my uncles, my brothers,—that I never will wed thee, so help me God!" And though her words and tones were vehement, her attitude was one of perfect repose.

"Thou hast buckled on the cothurnus, to-night! I expected as much!" he replied, with a sneering laugh. "Nevertheless, thou art as much mine as if thou hadst put thy jewelled arms around my misshapen neck, and given me the kisses thou, erewhile, gavest mine enemy!" And he was gone.

"My lord," said the princess, relieving Richmond from guard, after the king had departed, "thou hadst better follow thy rival's example."

"Thou art too solicitous for my safety, dear Bess; yet the sunset fades, so fare thee well!" and sealing his adieux upon her lips, he was soon out of sight.

When the princess was alone, all the misery she had been stifling seemed to burst out in wild beatings of the air, and inarticulate sobs, without a single tear.

"Elizabeth," said a pitying voice beside her, and, calmed at once, she confronted her mother, a slender woman, robed in deep black, with fair hair, parted smoothly beneath a widow's cap. "Roger has been with me," said the Queen Dowager, "and I have told him what thou hadst not the courage to tell thyself."

"Mother!"

"He refused, at first, to see thee, and then entreated that he might, and waits thee in the pleached alley."

"Mother! mother! why should we sacrifice ourselves for a people who neither know nor care aught about us?"

"Control thyself, my child."

"God be my witness, mother, that I have never wasted one endearing word on Richmond, nor given him one embrace. If I must suffer, I will not be false!"

"Thou hast promised!" said the dowager, and disappeared in the house; and Elizabeth, with slow steps and a flush deepening on her pale face, left the alley of waxen roses and sought her lover. The gray twilight was already there, and the pleached boughs secured them from observation. Her lover leaned with folded arms against a tree, his plumed cap thrown upon the ground, and floods of golden hair streaming upon his shoulders. The great blue eyes gathered deeper darks each moment, from the pain settling in deadly pallor over his fine Grecian features. He did not seem to recognize her, although his gaze was riveted upon her, but still continued motionless, while the princess took a similar station opposite him. For a long time they maintained this wretched silence, gazing as if each would read the innermost soul of the other, though unable to comprehend their own misery.

"Roger!" cried the girl at last, throwing herself at his feet, "canst thou not forgive me?"

"Nay," said he, hoarsely, "never."

"Canst thou not read mine agony? Hast thou no sympathy for me? I suffer more than thou! O, my love, pardon me!" she cried again, rising and throwing herself upon his bosom.

He separated her hands, and holding her at arm's length in his tight grasp, "Canst thou then leave me?" he said, in a voice so low and intense as to drive the blood, which had been coming and going strangely in her cheeks, all back upon her heart.

"Must I not?" she cried. "Have not enough died all through this land, and if by immolating myself, ay, and thee, I can prevent these great returns of bloodshed, must I not?"

"Thou dost not love me!" he answered, "thou lovest this Richmond, this king!"

"O, my love, I would die for thee!"

"Nay, thou wilt slay me!"

"It is right," she said. "But O, my God! what sin have we committed in thy sight, that thy judgments thus follow us?"

"None," he replied. "It is not God's choice, but thine."

"Thou art cold,—thou art cruel,—thou helpest me none,—thou wilt only remember me with hate!" and she shrunk down, as if the great hand of sorrow pressed her, half kneeling upon the grass. In an instant he was beside her, soothing her, laying her head upon his bosom, kissing her white lips, and calling her by every tender name.

"Leave them," said he; "it is no duty. Come, then, with me! I will never live without thee! Dost thou love this cold-hearted nation better than thy lover? Let us fly, my love, to peace and happiness!"

"I have promised," said she.

"Thou didst promise me before."

"Thou speakest right," she answered, with sudden resoluteness, as he raised her in his arms. "Thou infusest thine energy through my spirit. I will go with thee, Roger."

"Hasten, then, dearest, and equip thyself for journeying."

"Wait thou here, then!" she cried, speeding away with a happy decision in her movement; and in a few moments appearing, well protected from any weather, and bearing a small casket in her hand. "I feared my mother would see me. I have here all my jewels,—haste, for I still fear!"

Down the shrubbery, and over the distant lawns, and into the shade of the forest they fled, until they came to a small hut.

"Wait here, my darling," he said, "while I procure conveyances," and wrapping her cloak round her, he seated her upon the straw and left her.

It could not have been fifteen minutes after, that he returned on horse himself, and leading another high-bred courser. He dismounted hastily, but the straw was strewn about the door, giving evidence of a struggle, and the Princess Elizabeth was nowhere to be found. Distant cries were still to be heard, and giving the reins to one, he threw himself across the other steed, and galloped madly after them. He soon came within sight of the villanous fugitives, but lost them again with the increasing darkness, and all night following a circuitous route, delayed by losing the track also, and by frequently examining the way for any prints, the early four o'clock twilight found him suddenly, weary and distracted, in the centre of a regiment of armed men.

"It is thou?" said King Richard, laying hold of him in a friendly manner. "Thou hast journeyed all night, faithful soldier! Rest thyself now," and Roger suffered himself to be led listlessly away. During all that morning, till the engagement began in hot earnest, the wicked, hunch-backed king never once lost sight of him.

"Who is it?" said Sir Guy Gaveston to his attendant, as he buckled on his corselet, "who is it the king has left in his tent?"

"In truth, I know not, Sir Guy; it is one with whom his majesty's knaves rode all night," and Sir Guy joined the other knights carelessly, while his attendants, taking a small, light suit of armor, entered the king's tent and threw it carelessly upon one side, saying it was by the king's order, and departed. The princess reclined upon some cushions within the tent, and although she was haggard and weary, and had evidently been weeping, she was singing a merry tune in a low voice. Rising, when she had done singing, she poured some water from a silver ewer and bathed her eyes, but as she returned she decanted a goblet of rare wine, adroitly dropping afterward a fine sleeping-powder into the decanter, and saying to the men, "Here's to the king's success, good friends," she sipped some, and threw the rest upon the ground. "It is sweet wine," said she. "How goes the day?"

"His majesty carries all before him," answered one; and she threw herself upon the cushions again, as if to sleep. A half hour had passed, when seeing her still sleeping, one of the men stepped towards the wine, and pouring out a cup full, drained it with a hearty smack. It did not take long for the other to follow his example. The heat of the day, together with the effects of the sleeping mixture, infused an oppressive drowsiness through their systems, and ere another half hour they both were in a warm, deep sleep. The princess rose cautiously, and parting the curtains of the tent, looked out. The battle was at the highest, and neither side the gainer. Coming gently back, she looked at the sleepers.

"When my uncle can do so much, 'twere a pity if none of his talent were shared in the family! 'Twill do ye no harm!" she said, and noiselessly took away their swords. With sufficient haste she essayed to clothe herself in the light armor the attendant had brought, but her fingers were unskilled, and though, living in stormy times, she had seen many a hero arm, and had watched the king array himself that morning, yet she twice, with the rattle of the plates and rings, awoke the nearest attendant, who quietly rolled over to continue his nap, before she had finished arming her slender frame. Taking the long white plumes from her hair, she fastened them into the helmet, and buckling it securely on, shut the visor and went out. A large white horse, gaily caparisoned and belonging to the king, was picketed behind the tent. This she quickly mounted, as she had seen other warriors do, and stopped a moment on the hill by the tent, to take a survey of the field.

"I will not fight for this crooked fiend, in troth," she said, "therefore I must fight for Richmond, whom I would not willingly wrong, albeit I shall not wed;" and seeing Lord Stanley's force, concerning whose manœuvres Richmond had apprised her, she galloped down to meet him; and when that nobleman wheeled round to join the Lancastrians, throwing out the banner of the red rose, Elizabeth, with shield and sword in hand, wheeled with them.

All through the heart of the battle, struggling with Yorkists and shouting for Lancastrians, the white-plumed rider might be seen, bearing down where the fight was thickest, among mighty forces, and effecting more by her skilful blows than many another, stouter. At last, exhilarated with success, she dashed against a Yorkish knight, mailed all in black armor, with his visor closed, drawing him by aside thrusts out into the freer fight. The knight fought bravely, and, but for the agility of the princess, would certainly have laid her low. At last, tired of the fencing, he made a powerful pass with his broadsword, which Elizabeth evaded, and inserting, the point of her sword between the plates of his breast armor as he bent forward, she gave a great wrench, aided by the strength of her horse, who bore her wheeling round, and threw the knight from his saddle, his armor not only torn open, but the blood gushing forth in a crimson torrent.

The princess, who had not before seen the effects of any of her blows, leaped instantly from her horse, and was beside the knight, like any woman. Unclasping his armor and stanching the blood with her scarf, she threw open her visor for better convenience; the wounded man gave a low cry, not only of bodily pain. Quick as thought, she tore off his helmet in desperation, and the golden curls pouring from it over his black armor, and the beautiful blue eyes raised to hers, told too plainly the terrible deed she had done.

"Wretched girl, what have I done?" she cried, in a frenzy. "O, Roger, my love, my life,—speak to me! Thou art not dead,—say thou hearest me! How could I know it was thee?" her hands all the time busying themselves at the wound. "Have I indeed murdered thee? I *cannot* stand it!" she cried, louder, in an agony. "Roger, answer me! Say thou forgivest me! Breathe thy life out on my lips! O, why do I live? Great God! thou art not dead?" But the blue eyes stared glassily upon her, and as a great shout of victory went up from the Lancastrians over Bosworth plain, the scattered battalions moving by thought they saw two dead knights together by the mound. But no one disturbed either.

The day was drawing to a close, when the now royal Henry of Richmond was roaming across the field with many of his nobles, to inspect the dead. They came to a spot where slaughter had been thickest; the place was wet with blood, and many a stalwort form lay in the strange contortions of death. There lay one upon the ground, his shield thrown from him, his right hand still grasping his sword, his body writhed into a knot, and his countenance, displaying its gnashed and tight-shut teeth, appearing more like Lintram's Satan than Albrecht Durer could have painted him. As Henry contemplated his dead foe, a slender form in light armor, but bareheaded, hung itself upon his arm.

"Thou hast conquered," said the Princess Elizabeth to the astonished King Henry. "He lieth slain like the dragon, O my St. George!"

If in the future any royal joy could compensate for that dread day, answer thyself, O reader! Yet, though one heart bled forever for the comfort of the English people, round the palaces in Wales and York and Lancaster,

"Rose-trees, either side the door, were
  Growing lythe and growing tall;
Each one set a summer warder
  For the keeping of the hall,—
With a red rose and a white rose,
  Leaning, nodding at the wall!"

HOW TO TAKE OUT THE SCENT.

Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract, was a young, foppish-looking gentleman, his garments very highly scented with a mingled odor of musk and cologne. A solemn-faced, odd-looking man, after passing the dandy several times, with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone, said:

"Stranger, I know what'll take that scent out of your clothes; you—"

"What! what do you mean, sir?" said the exquisite, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

"O, get mad, now—swear, pitch round, fight—just because a man wants to do you a kindness!" coolly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I do know what'll take out that smell—phew! You just bury your clothes—bury 'em a day or two. Uncle Josh got a foul of a skunk, and he—"

At this instant there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy very sensibly "cleared the coop" and rushed up stairs.

He is a wise man who, though not skilled in science, knows how to govern his passions and affections. Our passions are our infirmities. He that can make a sacrifice of his will, is lord of himself.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the Flag of our Union, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

*** All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass., *proprietor of* The Flag of our Union, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Stranger," an historical sketch, by Mrs. Caroline A. Soule.
"Sowing Wild Oats," a story by Mrs. E. Wellmont.
"The Burning Forest," a tale by J. Grafton Allen.
"Trial and Friendship," a story by Mrs. Fanny E. Barbour.
"The Merchant's Gift," a tale by George P. Burnham.
"Seth's Ghost," a sea-yarn by Frederick Ward.
"Dust," a poem by Smith Ely, Jr.
"Not dead," stanzas by A. D. Langdon.
"The Breath of Morn," lines by William R. Lawrence.
"The Time to talk of Love," verses by Cale Greene Dunn.
"Leave me not lonely," verses by A. K. Percival.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"The Parting Day," "New Year's Day," "Lines on an old Stove," "Narcissus," "Jeptha's Daughter," and "The Stormy Christmas."

SNOW AND SLEIGHING.

It was not written that the winter of 1854–5 should pass away snowless and sleighless. There was a time when it appeared as if winter were to be conducted on a new principle, and slush and mud alternating with frozen ruts were to be offered as substitutes for the white and level pathway so agreeable to steed and driver. But of late years old fashions have come into vogue again. We have had some of those deep snows which the oldest inhabitant remembers when he was a little boy in a pin-a-fore. This year the snow comes down earlier than last, giving goodly promise of a gay season on the road. The first snow, being confined chiefly to the city, concentrated all the driving on the Neck; and all the world, including "ye Constable," were there, either as actors or lookers-on.

Grave, elderly gentlemen who had outlived the mercurial impulses of their "salad days," beaux and belles, maids and matrons, young gentlemen with "pockets to let," and credit gone, newsboys, who had sold an edition and invested it in cigars, amateurs of horseflesh, all the more knowing from never having drawn a line over the back of a flyer, are spectators of this northern carnival. Let us go up Washington Street, beyond Canton Street, the *ultima thule* of fashion, and take our stand beside this open fence, under which we can expeditiously vanish should some lunatic horse, with a pair of shafts flying at his heels, mistake the sidewalk for the highway. What an animated crowd! It is a kaleidoscope, with horses and sleighs, men and women substituted for painted bits of glass. Here comes a group of single sleighs, close together, rushing for Roxbury; and towering above them, the huge bulk of a four-horse omnibus-sleigh, looming up like a line-of-battle-ship in the midst of a yacht squadron. The cutters vanish in an instant, leaving the leviathan to its slower locomotion.

Back again come the cutters, wheeling like a flock of sea birds on the wing, and sweeping towards Boston, while the snow flies up like diamond-dust, and the bells have hardly a chance to jingle in the mad speed of the rush. Ah! what have we here? A splendid sleigh filled by a bevy of bright beauties in velvet and sables, drawn by a pair of superb blacks, with silver-mounted harness, moving as proudly and daintily as cavaliers dancing a coranto. Red-nosed man in a seedy overcoat and blue spectacles, leaning against a lamp-post, smoking a flagrant (not fragrant) cigar, informs us that he once owned a finer pair. Thank him for the information, and have no doubt of the fact. Gentleman with a Canada cap, and a shaved horse (unshaved himself), makes a rush to pass a Brighton butcher, driving a bay trotter with a deficient tail. Butcher wakes up his horse with his "carver," and yells. Shaved horse breaks up in terror, and the animal with the unsatisfactory caudal appendage is in Roxbury in no time. Gentleman wheels his horse and returns to town, wondering if the jockey who sold him his animal for six hundred dollars was sincere in his assurance that he could lead the crowd. Newsboy, in an airy costume, addresses some personal criticisms to the gentleman as he passes.

Two small boys and a pony diversify the scene. Slow-going gentleman and lady pass with a soldierly horse, who would sooner die than run. Wonder what makes the sleigh cant back so?—Mrs. Partington's Ike, making a spread-eagle behind, concealed by the buffalo, with a foot on each runner. Respectable country family pass in an antediluvian sleigh, drawn by a galvanized fossil. "O, pshaw!" from the crowd, who are getting censorious. "Clear the track! the flyers is a comin'!" shouts the newsboy. Half a dozen, three abreast, all pushing for the lead, come whizzing by like rifle-bullets. The bay is ahead. No, no!—the white horse has the lead! The pace is killing—whips are at work—voices yelling—crowd shouting—newsboy frantic with excitement, and red-nosed man dancing in his India rubbers. A hundred to one on whitey! Stay! Here comes the trump card! Shooting over the snow like an express train on a down grade, right in the centre of the track, clearing the mass of sleighs, and leaving them in a second, a little rusty black pony, in a pine pung, driven by a heavy weight in a buffalo coat, distances the entire crowd, and vanishes like a phantom in the distance. Even whitey is emphatically "nowhere." The crowd wheel at the line and come back in racing style, though the nags are rather blown.

A whiz! a whirr! and back comes the black pony with the speed of a Minie rifle-ball, beating them all once more. A gray-haired jockey confesses he is a "bird," and the newsboy caps the eulogy by calling him a "brick." After this we may as well go. There is nothing more worth seeing.

THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

History records the deeds of distinguished chieftains and of masses of men, but does not stoop to signalize the exploits of individuals, unless they wear an epaulette. Their fame rests upon local tradition, and is often orally conveyed from sire to son, and finally obliterated. Of one of these unemblazoned heroes we are about to speak. In the Central Burial Ground at West Cambridge, there is a stone which bears the following inscription:

"In memory of Captain Samuel Whittemore, who departed this life February 2, 1793. Aged 98 years."

The passer-by might deem him one of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," whose life had passed without an incident to mark its quiet course. Yet such was not the case. This Captain Samuel Whittemore, was one of the bravest of the brave. He was born in West Cambridge, July 27, 1696, and was consequently eighty years old on the ever-memorable 19th of April, 1775. He was an ardent patriot, and when the outrages of the British at Lexington and Concord reached him, nothing could prevent his going out alone to get a shot at the foe on their retreat. Armed with a musket and two old horse pistols, he took post by the roadside on the line of the flying foe. He was accompanied by a friend, but the latter, on seeing the approach of a British flanking party of five men, lost heart and deserted the veteran, when he could not prevail on him to retire. "No, no!" said the old hero, "I am eighty years old, and I will not leave, for I shall be willing to die if I can kill one red coat." Biding his time, he fired his king's arm on one of the approaching regulars and shot him dead. A second fell before the fire of one of his pistols. He was levelling the other, when a musket shot struck him in the face and he fell. The three remaining soldiers then sprang over the wall behind which he had taken post, and bayonetted him, leaving him, as they supposed, for dead. Well might they imagine so, for the surgeons who examined him after the fight at Cooper's tavern, on the corner of the Medford road, which was used as a hospital, reported no fewer than fourteen wounds on the person of old "Captain Sam." Yet, strange to say, he recovered, and in less than a year afterwards, was doing active service in the continental army. We find his name upon the muster-rolls of several regiments during the war, for limited periods of time, and if our memory serves us, he at one time held a lieutenant's commission. He lived eighteen years after his exploit at West Cambridge. This tale, which reads like fiction, is perfectly authentic and reliable. Such were the men of the revolution. Where can we find such hardihood and tenacity of life among their descendants? There is "pluck" enough and patriotism enough, but few of our old men of eighty could be thus perforated with bayonets, and survive the operation eighteen years.

ZODIACAL LIGHT.

This is another luminous phenomenon, about which we are very meagrely informed. It is best seen in the spring and autumn, and appears like an enormous truncated cone of galactic light, considerably inclined in altitude, and extending from its base of 10° or 30°, at the horizon, towards the sun. Twilight only can exhibit it to advantage. The visible length of this translucent column varies according to circumstances. Some carry its vertex 100° from the sun's place. At all events, its apparent station is in the sun's direction, at the east before his rising, and at the west after his setting, though the nature of gravity will hardly allow it to be the atmosphere of our luminary. In tropical climates, it is more conspicuous. Humboldt saw it, when at Caracas, in January, after seven o'clock in the evening. It continued in sight nearly four hours after sunset. Its apex towered up fifty-three degrees above the base.

Some celebrated philosophers believe it connected with the November meteors. As we draw near its locality, in the course of our annual revolution, its particles become visible, assuming the appearance of shooting stars, as when we bring nebulous tracks telescopically nearer, the apparently impalpable mist becomes granulated, starry, a congregation of sidereal systems.

Mediation.—We hope our government will offer their mediation to the belligerent European powers. To put an end to the destructive war now raging in the East, would be a moral victory worth ten thousand gained upon the battle-field. In 1813, the Emperor Alexander of Russia offered to mediate between this country and Great Britain. The latter did not accept it, although we did; but the offer is supposed to have contributed to the conclusion of the treaty of peace.

The King of the Sandwich Islands.—A gentleman, in a private letter from the Sandwich Islands, speaking of King Kamehameha, says: "He loafs around the town of Honolulu, peeps into a tavern, and is ready to take a 'nip' with anybody that asks him. He isn't worth 'a continental,' and auctioneers wont take his bid at auction."

Sculpture.—Edward A. Brackett has in his studio, 8 1-2 Tremont Row, a recently finished bust of Charles Sumner. Mr. Brackett is unsurpassed in his busts—they are full of life and character. Even his earlier heads of Longfellow and Bryant have the stamp of genius.

Spiritual Plagiarism.—A spirit medium lately rapped out some beautiful verses in ten minutes. They were very much lauded and wondered at, but it turned out they were written and published long ago by Charles F. Hoffman.

New York Spirit of the Times.—This admirable paper continues to flourish in evergreen youth and vigor. Col. Wm. T. Porter handles the editorial ribbons with a veteran's skill.

The Weather.—Some of our January weather has been like that described by Hood—"first it blew—and then it snew, next it thew and then it 'friz.'"

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

A stage line is about to connect Missouri with California. A long drive!

The grain exports of Chicago exceed those of New York by 4,206,303 bushels.

The workingmen of New York city are in a desperate condition from hard times.

A lady out west had a tooth extracted, was paralyzed thereby, and died.

The New York brokers have subscribed $2000 for the immediate relief of the poor.

Fifteen hundred men are working in the Gosport navy yard, Virginia.

Major Wyse of the United States army has been presented with a sword in New York.

General Whitfield, delegate from Kansas, has taken his seat in Congress.

General Webb thinks England and France will not object to our buying Cuba.

A person in Buffalo swore at his canary for awaking him, and the bird is now mute.

Out of nine hundred convicts in our prisons, only forty-seven had attended school.

"Sebastopol not yet taken!" is the intelligence brought by every fresh arrival.

December 2d, a treaty of alliance was signed between Austria, England and France.

Russia is concentrating an immense army to pour into the Crimea.

That barometrical information of cannonading in the Crimea, heard at Paris, was a humbug.

The editor, named Mr. Winter, robbed in New York of $600, was not W. Winter, the poet.

The New York city railroads have suspended all free passes to editors.

Near 12,000 emigrant passengers arrived at New York in one day, lately.

The small pox breaking out in Nantucket has created no little consternation there.

Bands of gipsies have become quite troublesome in Frederick, Virginia.

There is said to be a great religious revival throughout Texas, this year.

President Thornwell has resigned the presidency of the South Carolina College, at Columbia.

SLOWNESS OF SIEGE OPERATIONS.

The French and English papers, in order to check the impatience of their readers for the fall of Sebastopol, are ransacking military history to show how tedious the operation of reducing a fortified town necessarily is. A French journal has some interesting facts relating to the siege of Valenciennes in 1793. It sustained a bombardment of forty-two days and forty-two nights; it received 160,000 projectiles, of which 48,000 were bombs; two allied armies combined to take the city; Colonel Congreve, the inventor of the rocket which bears his name, directed the fire of the English, and Baron Unterberger that of the Austrians; and finally, 100,000 men conducted the siege with 344 cannons and mortars, while 10,000 men only defended the place with 175 guns. What a difference between this siege and that of Sebastopol! At Valenciennes the nature of the ground was excellent, in the Crimea it is rocky and broken. The imperialists in 1793 possessed an abundance of everything in the country, the allies in 1854 have to receive all their supplies by water. Valenciennes was completely invested, Sebastopol has a communication with the interior. Notwithstanding the advantageous position of the Duke of York and his allies, it took six weeks' bombardment to obtain Valenciennes, and then only by capitulation.

The Mormons of Utah.—Colonel Steptoe has been very popular among the Mormons, as commander of the United States troops stationed at Salt Lake. It remains to be seen how the saints will relish him now that he supersedes Brigham Young in the governorship of the Territory. We do not think the gallant colonel will be converted to the doctrine of polygamy, and sport his omnibus-load of wives like Brigham. Sir Peter Teazle would say: "Poor fellow! the crime carries its punishment along with it."

Oiling up.—Anglo-Saxon students consume the midnight oil in their lamps, but Russian students will not give it a chance to burn—they drink it up. When the allies entered Paris, the first thing the Cossacks did was to shin up the lamp-posts and swallow the oil. The French theatre was saved from plunder by allowing them a free range of the lamp-room.

Norwalk Ladies.—The gentlemen of Norwalk, Ct., lacking the spirit to get up a course of lectures, the ladies have taken the matter in hand, and made all the necessary arrangements; they now have it in contemplation to furnish the gentlemen with free tickets, break the paths for them, and escort them to and from the lecture room.

Usury Laws.—The Chamber of Commerce of Charleston, S. C., have unanimously adopted a preamble and resolutions in favor of the repeal of the Usury Laws. The existence of these laws is one of the most absurd regulations of the nineteenth century.

Murder Trials.—Monday, the 19th day of February next, has been assigned as the day for the trial of Chapman and Hilliard, who are under indictment in Middlesex County for murder. The trials are to take place before the Supreme Judicial Court at East Cambridge.

The Cochituate.—"There, how do you think the water tastes now?" asked Popkins, of his friend Blidgett, after the latter had taken a good swallow of the element. "Water!" echoed Blidgett in astonishment. "By Jove! I thought it was underdone fish chowder!"

Definition.—Warren (as Billy Lackaday), at the Museum, having spoken of "an 'og (hog)," and being asked what an 'og is, replies: "Bless you, an 'og is a pig's papa!"

War Item.—The British fleet has been mostly withdrawn from the Baltic, which was full of masses of floating ice.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Fat Family of Brock," a story by Dr. J. V. C. Smith.
"Romance and Royalty, or, the Queen of Maine," an historical tale, by Ben: Perley Poore.
"Discipline at Sea," a sketch by Duncan McLean.
"Burning the Letters," a poem by Francis A. Durivage.
"Song," by F. Geyvitts.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A descriptive engraving, characteristic of the State of Maine.

A series of engravings, illustrative of Burman life: first, a portrait of Mendoh-men, the reigning emperor of Burmah; second, Ayeh-men, the hereditary prince; third, General Orgoni, prince of the empire; fourth, a group of Burman Dancers and Musicians; fifth, the Emperor's State Carriage; sixth, a view of the village of Rangoon; and seventh, a body of War Elephants prepared for Battle.

A large engraving, representing the Landing of Columbus.

Also a counterpart, representing the Landing of the Pilgrims.

A Portrait of Horace Greeley, the well-known editor of the New York Tribune.

A picture of the New Steam Fire Engine for the City of Boston.

A series of engravings, representing, first, Entrenched Tirailleurs before Sebastopol; second, a Hidden Sentinel; third, a Zouave and his Cat; and fourth, the Trench Guard before Sebastopol.

A large whole page engraving, representing Flora's Kingdom—the Language of Flowers.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

There has been much snow and ice in France already, and the winter promises to be quite severe in Europe.

Eighty thousand dressed sheepskins have been purchased of the butchers of Lyons to be sent to the French troops in the Crimea.

It is alleged that the Russians are short of supplies, and that the winter is an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of obtaining them.

The Court of Appeals at Genoa condemned a printer to fine and imprisonment, for having sold and distributed a pamphlet entitled, "Some pages by Joseph Mazzini addressed to the Italians."

The Spanish Cortes had declared, by a majority of 206 to 31, that the throne of Queen Isabella, and her dynasty, are the basis of the body politic in Spain. The Cortes, have by 143 to 40, passed a vote of confidence in the ministry of Espartero.

The French General Lourmel, killed before Sebastopol, was hardly forty-five years old, and one of the most eminent and heroic of the French officers. He was educated at St. Cyr, and gained his several promotions on the field of battle in Africa.

It is stated that the allies were not the only sufferers by the storm on the Black Sea, but that it also fell on a convoy of several hundred wagons in the steppe of Taurida, carrying provisions and ammunition to the Russians, and that what with cold and snow they were totally lost.

They are expecting at London one of the richest of the East India Nabobs, who rejoices in the name and title of the Maharajah Murrendah Sing Mahinder Bahadon de Ptillah. He is going to pass three months in Europe, dividing his time between London and Paris, and has sent on in advance a letter of credit of 12 millions.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

He that is innocent, may well be confident.

Where no law is, there is no transgression.

He that is not above an injury, is below himself.

The defending of a bad cause, is worse than the cause itself.

Laws are like spiders' webs, which catch the small flies, but let the great ones break through.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

The opinions of men are as many and as different as their persons. The greatest diligence, and most prudent conduct, can never please them all.

Absolute necessaries are but few, and easily attainable; but of superfluities, a disordered mind knows no end.

In all things mistakes are excusable, but an error that proceeds from any good principles, leaves no room for resentment.

Our success in life generally bears a direct proportion to the exertions we make; and if we aim at nothing, we shall certainly achieve nothing.

There are some in whom one would think, that nature had placed all things the wrong way; unintelligible in their reasonings, depraved in their opinions, and irregular in all their actions.

Though fortune seems to be a universal mistress, yet prudence is hers. When we are guided by prudence, we are surrounded by all the other divinities.

He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart, who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion, and permanence to fugitive esteem.

Joker's Budget.

Why is the ocean like a garden? Because it bears *currents*.

Why is a boss farmer like the helmsman of a ship? Because he looks after the tiller.

A lot of fellows went on a deer hunt the other day in Arkansas, and in less than three hours captured five girls and a woman.

These are the shortest days of the season. Has this anything to do with the money-market being *short?*

A coffee-house in Cincinnati has a sign of an *inverted boot*, as a delicate hint to the delinquents to "foot up."

A young lady being recommended to exercise for her health, said she would jump at an offer, and run her own risk.

Whatever the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in spring it "turns over a new leaf."

An English paper says that "Good Queen Bess," when she visited Worcester, borrowed £200 of the corporation, which still stands as a "bad debt" on the town books.

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," was the reply, "to see how you open your mouth, that I may know what words will fill it."

"I expect," said a young physician, on his way to New York, on hearing exaggerated rumors of the cholera, "to witness a great many death-bed scenes this summer." "Doubtless," replied a friend, "if you get much practice."

Robinson Crusoe sees a piece of gold lying on the ground, in the island, and addresses it in a moral and rather contemptuous strain, as a vile drug, the root of all evil, etc. Having made his observations, he takes it up, however, and puts it in his pocket.

Quill and Scissors.

The Provincial geologist, after a long and careful examination, has decided that no coal is to be found in Canada. Notwithstanding this decision, a farmer in West Gwillinbury, when lately digging a well, came upon a seam of considerable thickness, samples of which have proved to be of good quality; and the discovery is thought to be beyond dispute.

The French emperor has received some daguerreotype views representing the general panorama of Sebastopol on the day of the last great battle. They were evidently taken under favorable circumstances, in a few seconds of time, and faithfully depict the ardor of the troops.

At Albany, the ice was recently frozen so thick in the river as to enable vehicles laden with 100 tons of freight to cross in safety; and three regular bridges were constructed on the ice.

It is said to be an indisputable fact that, taking the whole United States together, much more money is expended for the single article of cigars than for all the common schools in the Union.

Two burglars were recently sentenced in New York to Sing Sing for ten years and six months. They were convicted by the identification of a little stocking, worth only a few cents, which was among the stolen goods.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has been compelled again to contradict rumors of domestic infelicities. She represents her husband to be "a model of conjugal attachment and affection."

The consumption of copper in the United States is put down at between 8000 and 9000 tons annually, of which only about 1800 tons are produced in the country.

James McHenry, the great English bankrupt, can pay only two shillings and sixpence on the pound. He owes to New York merchants over one million of dollars.

The London Diogenes asks: "Why are railway companies like laundresses? Because they have ironed all England, and sometimes do a little mangling."

Peter Richings, the actor, who was supposed to have fallen overboard and drowned at Cincinnati, has turned up safe and sound in the city of New Orleans.

A son of James Gordon Bennett, Esq., of the Herald, through the favor of the French Emperor, is being educated at the French Military Academy.

Walter Scott's son-in-law, Lockhart, recently deceased, leaves no children, and the family of the great novelist, in direct descent, is therefore extinct.

One ninety-fifth part of the entire army of the United States, says the New York Times, was killed or wounded by the Indians during the past year.

It is said that Mario parts his hair in the middle; and therefore the young fashionables of the New York gentry are doing the same.

In San Francisco there are thirty-three suits in litigation in which the city is mixed up. What a place for lawyers!

Since the first of October, 11,446 passengers have arrived at New Orleans; 3322 were Americans, and 5441 Germans.

There are thirty-eight towns named Salem in the United States, the largest of which (in Massachusetts) contains over 20,000 inhabitants.

"Doesticks" real name is said to be Mortimer C. Thompson. He was formerly an actor, and was reputed clever in character parts.

The one hundredth birthday of Mrs. Anna Hammond Pope, of Spencer, Mass., was celebrated at her residence in that town, lately.

The Milwaukee News states that at a ball given by the Light Guards of Chicago, Dodworth's Band was employed at a cost of $3000.

Francis Dorian, who was the gallant third mate of the Arctic, went out as second mate of the steamship Union to Havre.

For three years the French government has offered a large premium for a moral five-act drama for the Francaise, but without success.

There is an Irishman in the Albany Penitentiary who speaks, reads and writes *fourteen different languages.*

It is said the government of Honduras wants to sell the United States "Tiger Island," for $20,000.

George K. Childs has been appointed chief coiner of the United States mint at Philadelphia.

A will was recently made in England which occupied thirty skins of parchment.

In the Erie Canal, near Utica, 150 boats with valuable cargoes have been frozen up.

Wild duck are being taken in great numbers on Martha's Vineyard this season.

Even our little army and navy are big enough to require $25,000,000 a year.

The total number of prisoners in England is 21,629.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. Henry C. Morse to Miss Sarah C. Deming.
By Rev. Mr. Grimes, Mr. Henry Hall to Miss Betsey Gray.
By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. William E. Bicknell to Miss Rebecca J. Richmond.
By Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. William Kendall to Miss Achsah B. Huntley.
By Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. W. W. Bachelder to Miss Annie M. Maxwell.
At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Pray, Mr. John H. Pray to Miss Elizabeth B. Jenkins.
At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Newell, Mr. Ezra Abbott, Jr., to Miss Emily Everett.
At Quincy, by William B. Duggan, Esq., Mr. Simon B. Corliss to Miss Mary Kahor.
At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Livermore, Mr. Joseph E. Nichols to Miss Lucena W. Corbett.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Dwinell, Mr. George W. Reed to Miss Cecelia Lorene.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. Samuel Kennison to Miss Mary A. Mann.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Thomas H. Davis to Miss Rebecca A. Carpenter.
At Abington, by Rev. Mr. Howland, Mr. Luther Alden to Miss Amanda Copeland.
At Woods Hole, Ms., by Rev. Mr. Flower, Mr. Charles B. Hatch to Miss Adeline W. Sanford.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Louisa Myers, 29; Mrs. Susan F. Tainter; Dea. Ezra Chamberlain, 76.
At Roxbury, Marcia Evelina Atkins, 22.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Betsey Mixter, 66; Mrs. Mary Roberts, 22.
At Somerville, Francis A. Pike, of Chicago, Illinois, a pupil of the Perkins Institution for the Blind.
At Melrose, Mr. Thomas B. Shepard, 60.
At West Roxbury, Mr. Andrew S. March, 43.
At Dorchester Village, Miss Sarah Bradford.
At Woburn, Captain James M. Gage, 41.
At Dedham, Miss Mary Stearns, 64.
At Reading, Mrs. Harriet B., wife of Mr. Stillman M. Pratt, 22.
At Stoneham, Mrs. Mary Holden, wife of Mr. Asa Holden, 75.
At Newton Upper Falls, Mrs. Sarah M., wife of Dr. B. R. Bridge, 26.
At Worcester, Mr. Levi Clapp, 60.
At Newburyport, Miss Sarah E. Gaskell, 17.
At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Eliza Lane, 75.
At Peacham, Vt., Mrs. Priscilla Merrill, 86.
At Colchester, Conn., Hon. Samuel A. Peters, 85.
At Portland, Mr. John Pray, printer, 51.
At Norwich, Ct., Mr. Jacob W. Kinney.
At Warren, Vt., Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Edward Hall, 77.
At New York, Alida Gouverneur, daughter of the late Rev. Morgan L. B. Bayard, D.D.

Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES TO ——.

BY T. W. WILKINS.

There's many a sweeter flower
  Than blooms 'neath our cold skies;
There's many a fairer bower,
  Than greets my longing eyes.
There's many a bird whose singing
  May charm another's ear,
Where sweeter notes are ringing,
  Than those that I may hear.
Yet still, there is a treasure
  More dear than these, to me;
For earth and all its pleasure,
  Are centered here in thee.

In Greenland's regions dreary,
  Amid eternal snow,
Where e'en old Time grows weary,
  To fly o'er earth below—
There still love's star is beaming
  With soft, angelic light,
To throw its silver gleaming,
  Along the frozen night.
The savage boor, if parted
  From where his snow-hut lies,
Grows sad and broken-hearted,
  And pines, and droops, and dies.

So I, though fortune lowers,
  And clouds the dreary sky,
Though fade my fairest flowers,
  And life's gay visions fly—
My heart is uncomplaining,
  Though all its hopes may fall;
There's still one joy remaining
  More treasured than them all.
For birds, and trees, and flowers,
  And dreams I loved to see,
E'en in my darkest hours,
  Are centered still in thee!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

KATE LINDSEY'S CHOICE.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

"My dear, there's an old friend of mine, Harold Falconer, coming to visit me next week," said Dr. Lindsey to his wife, glancing up from the letter he was reading.

"Harold Falconer! quite a romantic name. What is he?"

Now the good doctor expected this, so he answered readily, without lifting his head:

"A minister."

"Where from?"

"Morton."

"How old is he, doctor?"

The lady's husband was so absorbed in the perusal of the letter, that the question had to be repeated.

"How old? well, let me see,—he graduated in 1840, he was twenty years old then—he must be thirty-four now, but he looks much younger; he was a very handsome man when I saw him."

"Is he married?" questioned Mrs. Lindsey again.

"No, a bachelor," patiently answered the poor besieged doctor.

A bachelor of thirty-four, handsome and young looking, was a dangerous companion for her two unmarried daughters; because he was only a minister from Morton, a small town in —— State; a dangerous person indeed in the eyes of this ambitious mother of two very handsome girls—Marion and Kate. She had a horror of country ministers and schoolmasters, had this same Mrs. Lindsey; for, as she sat and mused, while the doctor was busy over his papers, her mind went back to the time when it required all her eloquence and wisdom to rescue Marion from a miserable alliance with a village pedagogue. Arthur Lovell,—*he* was young, and handsome, and *dangerous*. Then there was the pastor from Greenvale, who endeavored to win her gifted Kate to love in a cottage, and six hundred a year; and now another of these ineligibles was coming to awaken her maternal anxiety—was ever poor woman so harassed?

"What day do you expect your friend?" inquired Mrs. Lindsey, as her husband gathered up his papers to go to the office. "I shall want to make some preparations."

"Not a bit—you're such a pattern housekeeper there's no need of that, for he is very simple and plain in his habits and tastes. However, if it will do you any good to know the exact day—he says Tuesday or Wednesday, but he was always a day beforehand rather than the opposite; so I shouldn't be surprised if we should see him Tuesday." And lighting his cigar, the doctor vanished in a cloud of smoke.

"How provoking," said Mrs. Lindsey aloud, as the door closed. "The very moral of a bore, so plain and simple in his tastes and habits!"

"Who's that, pray?" exclaimed a sweet, spirited voice, and Mrs. Lindsey looked up and met Kate's quizzical glance. She had entered the room with her sister unheard, and now taking a seat opposite her mother, she repeated the question.

"It is an old friend of your father's, who is coming to visit us next week—Tuesday;" and the mother related what her husband had told her, withholding the encomiums on his personal appearance.

Marion silently netted, without an expression of interest on her high-bred face, but Kate, that little, gay, sharp, laughter-loving Kate, cried merrily:

"O, he'll suit me, I know—plain as a pipe stem in his habits, and the soul of punctuality; he wont know turtle soup from beef, and he will never keep you waiting, mamma. What a dear old soul he must be! Now I warn you I'm going to fall in love with him."

At the look of distressed annoyance on her mother's face, Kate flung her head back, and gave such an uproarious laugh, that the canary on his perch awoke and chirped, and twittered in the gas-light as if he recognized a familiar sound.

Marion's proud lips relapsed into a smile. "One thing is very certain, he'll never return the compliment by falling in love with you; such a harum scarum thing as you are, Kate," she said, with merry malice.

"Don't know about *that*, Queen Mary; just you wait and see! I've had one parson at my feet already."

"Yes, but there's some difference between a young man of twenty-two, and an old one of five and thirty!"

"Pooh! I want somebody older to steady me; I never should treat a *young* man decent. I should box his ears ten to one, if he didn't toe the line."

"Don't use such expressions, Kate," said Marion, reprovingly; "they are not lady-like."

"Aint they now? well, I'm glad you've told me, May, for I do get puzzled sometimes to know what that familiar word means. I used to think it wasn't lady-like to cut old friends, but I've found out that it is one of the accomplishments of a lady's life."

The stately beauty winced a little at this, but made no reply, while Kate turned to her mother with—"What's my hero's name? you haven't told us that."

How Mrs. Lindsey wished it was John Smith, or Peter Bell; anything but that euphonious one; but Kate was waiting, so she replied:

"Harold Falconer!"

"Harold Falconer!" repeated Kate after her—"*delicious*—if I have a passion for anything it's for names. I wouldn't marry a Tom or a Jem for any consideration. Kate Falconer! how well that sounds;" and Kate looked in sober glee at her mother, while she nodded her head to give emphasis to the following words:

"Yes, I think I'll have him, for it's high time I was married; I'm twenty-two, and one old maid in the family is full enough, for you'll be an old maid as somebody says,—'just as sure as shooting,' May, if you don't come down a peg from your high notions."

"You call a proper regard for one's dignity and position, high notions, Kate," interrupted Marion, with some hauteur.

"Proper fiddlesticks, May! Do you expect the daughter of a country physician to marry an earl or a marquis? I don't, and for my part I shall be quite content with a village minister. I don't think there is any great choice either way. Papa says he was poor as a church mouse once."

"Yes, my daughter, but he has become a wealthy man by means of his profession, and he is not merely a village physician, for you know he is celebrated throughout the State; but a village minister is confined to his salary, and that, barely sufficient through life to afford the comforts, much less the luxuries, which you have been accustomed to."

"I wouldn't give a farthing for the luxuries. I never was happier than when I spent the summer up in Vermont with uncle Ben. Ask aunt Hitty if I pined for my lost luxuries, when I was up at sunrise feeding the chickens? Why, I actually made some of the loveliest little round lumps of butter all myself. I never was so proud of anything in my life, and if it wasn't for this 'coming man,' Harold Falconer, I would start for the dear old place to-morrow."

"You wouldn't do any such thing, Kate," said Marion; "for this is all gammon about Mr. Falconer; you know you don't mean a word you have said, so you needn't try to rouse mamma's fears."

"*All gammon!* I don't see how such a vulgar expression ever slipped out of that lady-like mouth; but I do mean a good deal, I say, as you will find out, for I always like papa's friends, and then the name is a romance. I'll bet he's a second Apollo; but good night, I'm desperately sleepy," and lighting a candle she went singing up stairs.

"I'm going over to stay with Mrs. Lansing a day or two, mother," said Kate the next morning, as she met her upon the stairs; "but I shall certainly be on hand Tuesday, so you wont have to trouble yourselves to entertain him—you and Marion."

"How absurd you are, Katherine," was Mrs. Lindsey's only reply, as she sailed majestically past; and Katherine only laughed as she tied her bonnet strings and waltzed out upon the verandah.

"I hardly think your father's friend came in to-night's train," said Mrs. Lindsey to Marion, as they sat together in the drawing room, waiting for the doctor on that dreaded Tuesday evening. "It is late now, nearly half an hour after tea-time, and we might as well ring for Jeannette to put the toast upon the table."

Marion's white hand had just left the bell knob, when her father threw the door open, and entered with the minister.

"My wife and daughter, Mr. Falconer."

He was a perfect gentleman who stood before her, and Mrs. Lindsey felt constrained to meet him on his own footing. He acted like a man who had been accustomed to doing pretty much as he pleased, and didn't seem at all awkward or bashful, as his hostess supposed he would. Even Marion's peerless beauty appeared to have no effect upon him; he just glanced at the beautiful face as he courteously but carelessly took her hand, and then turning to the long window through which the setting sun poured its rays, he remarked something about the beauty of the prospect, and from that he and the doctor fell to talking about past times, until the latter gentleman, taking out his watch, exclaimed:

"Bless my soul, it's half-past six, and I must be excused, Falconer, for I have a patient to visit some two or three miles out of town, and I ought to be there now."

Mr. Falconer bowed politely to mother and daughter, and said something very courteous and gallant about the pleasure of their company, and Mrs. Lindsey replied as politely in a hospitable manner.

How much assurance the man has, she thought, as he quietly helped himself at the table, and remarked upon the resemblance of Marion to her mother, as if she had been a girl of thirteen, instead of the proud patrician beauty of five and twenty. Though dressed in a plain suit of black, there was nothing of the country parson about this man Harold Falconer, and Mrs. Lindsey wondered where he had learned his graceful ease.

"Have you a large parish?" she asked, as they sat at the tea-table.

The gentleman glanced up with a little surprised look, and the lady repeated the question before he seemed to comprehend it, and then he replied with a lurking smile:

"I am a travelling minister, madam."

The cup in Mrs. Lindsey's hand came very near falling to the floor. "Worse and worse! a travelling minister!" and she bridled her head with a haughty resolve; but the next moment she found herself replying, if not with cordiality, yet in a polite tone of voice to a question from him.

Marion, too, the stately Marion, acknowledged that he was indeed a very dangerous person, as she followed her mother to her boudoir after they left the table.

"I do hope Dora Lansing will keep Kate till I can get rid of him," said Mrs. Lindsey anxiously; but true to her word that young lady made her appearance when her mother little thought. Mr. Falconer was sitting alone in the deepening twilight, musing and dozing, when one of the long windows was thrown open, and in bounded a slight, supple figure, and a young natural voice exclaimed:

"So the parson didn't come, mamma? What a pity, when I had made up my mind to play the agreeable to the poor man—for I know you and May would snub him. Now you did think I was going to stay out of danger this time, didn't you? but I'm bound to have Harold Falconer, and love in a cottage."

"Your will must be law, dear lady," said Mr. Falconer, as soon as there was a pause, but the sound of his voice had a different effect from what he anticipated. She sprang forward, and discovering the figure of a man sitting in the easy chair, she laughingly said:

"O, you needn't try to cheat me, uncle Larry, I know you," and she gave him a smart box upon the ear, with her little, satin-smooth palm.

"What you do still betters what is done, sweet, I'd have you do it ever," said the same manly tones.

"Stop your nonsense, Larry, and tell me where's mother and May—they'll be so sorry to see me back," and she gaily related the conversation about Harold Falconer. Standing as she did before the fire, he could discern the beauty of her straight, slender figure, and the airy grace of her motions; the voice too, always musical in its intonations, had the ring of the true metal in it, so pardon him, dear reader, if he delayed undeceiving her; he knew she had divulged all there was to tell, and it was a great temptation to listen and observe this charming creature through the familiar medium of a relative.

"O Larry," she went on, "I do get so disgusted with all this cant about wealth and position, so tired of this false, unreal etiquette, that prohibits the expression of any honest emotion, that I long to go away into the western wilderness, anywhere, anywhere out of the world of fashion and folly. I suppose it is wicked in me to tease mother so about marrying a poor man, but she does provoke me so. I dare say now she thinks I really mean to have this Harold Falconer, if he asks me."

Mr. Falconer was too much of a gentleman to allow her to go farther, much as he was amused and interested, so he quietly rose and taking her hand, turned her round to the decaying fire, saying:

"Miss Lindsey will you forgive me for not undeceiving you before? This is not your uncle, but Harold Falconer!"

She uttered a cry of surprise, and then drawing her hand away, she said in a voice tremulous with wounded feeling:

"You have been ungenerous, Mr. Falconer."

"I fear I have, Miss Katherine," he replied, gravely, "and ungentlemanly, also. I have no excuse to offer, but you will pardon your father's old friend, will you not?"

This was taking a different ground from what she had established, a new emotion of respect and remorse sprang up in her heart, as she remembered her own thoughtless words. She was as great a transgressor herself, *he* had something to forgive in *her*. She held out her hand, saying frankly:

"You must forgive me too, sir."

"You have done nothing to merit it, Miss Kate; you will allow me to call you so, I trust, my dear young lady, when you come to see the gray hairs in my head," and taking a taper from the shelf he turned and lighted one of the gas burners near them. For the first time she saw him clearly, and the fine, handsome face and gentlemanly person, which had so impressed her mother, impressed her also, but in a different way. A crimson blush suffused her face, and then the old spirit of fun arose.

"How dangerously young you do look, Mr. Falconer; I don't see any gray hairs."

Catching her tone, he lifted the dark locks which shaded his brow, and revealed a cluster of silver threads. Kate folded her hands demurely, and dropped a courtesy in mock reverence.

"Forgive my familiarity, sir, I was not aware you were so aged."

"I will do so if you will promise to forget the fact as soon as possible."

Just then Mrs. Lindsey came in, and neither Falconer nor Kate could forbear smiling at the rueful expression of her face, as she saw the free and easy proximity of the two. Not even the suavity of her guest nor the lively sallies of Kate could unbend her rigid reserve.

Kate could not help feeling a little shy of Harold Falconer, as she remembered his knowledge of her jest about falling in love with him. She took refuge, therefore, in her old mischievous gaiety, half sarcasm, half real earnest, and the gentleman seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and met her on her own terms, while Mrs. Lindsey began to grow easier as long as there were no sentimental moonlight walks, love songs or verse reading—her ideas of love making being of the pensive, romantic order; she couldn't conceive it when

"Quips and quirks"

and ridicule were the order of the day, and she thought it was a great stroke of policy when she said to Kate, one day when they were alone:

"My dear, I think you are rather too saucy to Mr. Falconer; you must remember that he is not a young man, and that he is your father's friend."

"Yes, I know, mamma, his head is full of gray hairs—he actually showed them to me one day, to warn me into due respect, I suppose."

Mrs. Lindsey smiled to herself at this. "No danger of her falling in love with him," she thought, "she is too careless." No, there was no danger of her falling in love with Harold Falconer, for she was already quite as much in love as she had declared that she would be; her playful threat had proved true, though she would not acknowledge it to her own proud heart. It was impossible for her to be in daily communion with a mind like his, and not learn to appreciate it, and when this was united with the noble face and bearing, what wonder that this high-souled, imaginative young girl should love what had been her ideal from girlhood.

About this time there came a young Southerner, the handsome possessor of half a million, to visit his relative, Mrs. Ryder, their stylish next door neighbor. Mrs. Lindsey was delighted; her hopes seemed about to be realized; for Frank Claiborne was particularly struck with Kate, and he was really a very sensible young man, with a good deal of that ready wit and graceful tact, which Kate appreciated so highly; and indeed everything betokened success to her plans, for Kate accepted his visits with rather more than her ordinary civility, wore his flowers, and sang duetts with him.

Therefore, when one afternoon the servant entered with a message to Kate, who was sitting in her mother's boudoir, reading, that a gentleman wished to see her in the parlor, not a doubt entered Mrs. Lindsey's head that it was any other than Frank Claiborne. Kate herself, absorbed in her new book, flung it down impatiently and said, "I'm always wanted in the parlor, I wish to goodness I was ever wanted in better places,"—and there was yet a petulant curl to her red lip, when she opened the drawing room door, and saw, not Frank Claiborne, but the minister. She had expected, though not with the same pleasure, the younger man, and in her surprise and confusion she said:

"Where's Mr. Claiborne? I thought it was he who wanted me!"

"And you are disappointed in not finding him here?"

"I didn't say so, did I?"

"No, not in words certainly, but when young ladies blush, and look cross and disappointed, it seems to argue something of the kind."

Kate laughed. "Mr. Claiborne wouldn't have said I looked cross, if I had been as black as a thunder cloud, I'll venture to say!"

"Ah, but Mr. Claiborne is a younger man, and your mother tells me an accepted lover."

Kate started like a nettlesome young pony.

"*She* says he is an accepted lover! I should like to know what authority there is for that. I am disposed of like a piece of merchandise," she said bitterly. "I go through all my accomplishments like a thorough paced horse, and then I am struck off to the highest bidder, by report at least, and people say, Mrs. Lindsey has done well to marry her daughter to such a one. I should think my sense of delicacy must be razed down to an appalling thinness by this time."

"Kate, you take a morbid view of this, I am afraid; girls in America are not obliged to marry these men."

"Yes, but think what a delightful thing it is for any girl of delicate feeling to be paraded two or three seasons at Newport, Saratoga, or Cape May, in the character of a fortune hunter; for anybody who knows anything about us must know that papa wouldn't be able to portion his daughters,—country wealth and city wealth are two different things. 'No, to be sure we are not obliged to *marry* these men, who are almost always men of loose morals and light brains; but our names are coupled with theirs, and if we reject them, who will believe that penniless Miss so and so refused young 'dough face' with half a million? O believe me it is no enviable lot to be a young lady in fashionable society now-a-days."

Mr. Falconer could not deny these sad truths, and he did not try, but he strove to turn her thoughts to better things, and opening a book which he had been holding in his hand, Wilson's Noctes Ambrosianae, he said:

"Kate, run and get your sewing; I want to read something to you."

"How do you know I sow anything but folly?" she answered with a bright smile, as she left the room.

She seated herself in front of him on her return, and for two hours listened to that melodious voice, while he read philosophy, poetry, criticism and frolic, now and then making observations of his own, or asking some question of his young auditress. It was a dangerous pleasure for that high-souled, appreciative girl; and from the author's sentiments she wandered to the reader's voice, and from thence to the fine elastic play of his noble features. He had finished the chapter he was reading, and looked up into her thoughtful face with some observation regarding it.

"Excuse me, Mr. Falconer—I don't know—I didn't hear the last few sentences—I was thinking of something else."

"What could have been more interesting than Wilson's Noctes? I thought these would please you very much, Kate—I hoped they would; but our tastes are some years apart," and he closed the book with a disappointed expression.

Kate looked up hesitatingly, and then, with a half laugh, but with a color all the while dyeing her cheek like a damask rose, she returned:

"I was thinking of you, Mr. Falconer; will that pardon my inattention?"

A blush, almost as vivid as her own tinged his face.

"Pardon me, Katherine!" and he stretched out his hand to her, and as she took it, he gently drew her from her seat to his side.

"Katherine, those were welcome words from *you;* can you think of me to love me, Kate, as I love you with all the strength of my manhood?"

Years, nor poverty, nor station had no weight with Katherine, she only knew that she was beloved by a man whom she could honor; and her answer was characteristic of herself.

"I am not fit to be your wife, Mr. Falconer; I am not fitted by education, nor character for a minister's companion. I am quick tempered, impatient of control, and sarcastic."

"Do you love me, Kate?"

"Well enough to go to Siberia with you," she answered, with a blushing attempt at gaiety.

"That will do then; I can trust all the rest;—but do you know what your lot will be if cast with mine?"

"O, I think you will not let me starve, Mr. Falconer," she replied archly.

"You're a brave guesser, my darling," and he kissed the little white hand that reposed in his.

"Katherine, Mr. Claiborne would like to see you in the library."

There was a portentous satisfaction in Mrs. Lindsey's face as she uttered these words, and it was always "Katherine" when she wished to be particularly dignified. With an angry crimson on her cheek Katherine obeyed the summons;—but all her petulance vanished as she listened to the manly, straight-forward avowal of love, and in her own simple, truthful answer, she accomplished what few women could have done—gained a friend in losing a lover. There was a dreamy look of blended sadness and pleasure on her expressive face when she appeared in her mother's room again, which that lady unfortunately mistook, and with a half glance at Mr. Falconer, who sat opposite to her, she said:

"Your father's friend will be glad to hear of your engagement, Katherine."

It was a bold stroke, but she had a bolder spirit to deal with.

"He has heard of it before, mother," was the reply, very quietly.

"Ah!" was the puzzled exclamation that escaped her mother's lips.

"Yes, I have promised," she went on rapidly, and looking at Falconer as if to gain courage from that calm face, "to marry not Mr. Claiborne, (Mrs. Lindsey almost sprang from her seat,) but—"

"Harold Falconer, ma'am," said that gentleman's deep, mellow voice, taking the small hand in his, which rested on the table between them.

"Mr. Falconer this is dishonorable, unworthy of a gentleman, and one of your years, to come, in the guise of a friend and steal our child away!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsey, indignantly.

"I have her father's sanction, madam," was his only reply.

"Her father's sanction I suppose, to deceive her mother—my child is disposed of without my knowledge!"

"How many times have I been disposed of without *my* knowledge!" was the passionate, indignant reply which burst from Kate. She would have gone on, but the hand which held hers was removed to the lips with as tender a motion, in its restraint.

"It was not my intention to deceive you, Mrs. Lindsey, but it was your husband's wish for a few weeks to keep it silent; he felt assured that when you knew me better, you would trust your child to my life keeping."

"Mr. Falconer, I may as well speak out. I have no fear of your morals or kindness of heart, but I do fear your style of living for Kate. She has been reared in luxury, and is altogether unfitted for your position."

"I do not think so, madam; on the contrary I believe she will grace it, and find in its wideness a good sphere for usefulness. At any rate, until she asks me for it herself, I cannot give her her freedom."

There was a look of power, and firm, undaunted, yet kindly courage in his look as he said this, which caused Kate's heart to throb with admiration and love, while Mrs. Lindsey, knowing intuitively that words were useless now with two such obstinate things, as she termed them, haughtily left the room. The storm which they had foreseen had burst over their heads, yet all three—the doctor, Mr. Falconer and Kate breathed easier after it, while preparations went silently on for the approaching wedding, for Mr. Falconer was obliged to leave in a few weeks, and it was decided that Katherine should accompany him.

"I wish it to be as private as possible," said Mrs. Lindsey, coldly, to her daughter's future husband.

"You have uttered my own wishes, madam," was the half smiling response. "I shall only stipulate for two or three of my nearest friends."

Of course the lady could not object to this, though the idea was very repulsive to her. "His friends," she meditated, "they are most likely some ignorant bores. We shall be mortified to death, for it is impossible not to invite Aunt Stacey, and of course those Southern cousins of hers, who are staying with her, and Victoria's aristocratic lover!"

Poor, perplexed Mrs. Lindsey! no plotting, nor counter plotting, could remedy this, for when Harold Falconer said a thing, it was sure to be done somehow or other. Her only hope was, that Mrs. Stacey, and her fashionable visitors and daughters, would be otherwise engaged; but no such good fortune was in store for her. On the morning of the appointed day, a coach drew up, loaded with trunks, boxes and valises, and out came Mrs. Stacey herself and the two Southern cousins; very stylish, high bred looking girls, with Victoria and her aristocratic lover.

"But who in the world is the happy man?" said Mrs. Stacey, as she stood alone with her sister-in-law, smoothing her hair before the toilet glass. Mrs. Lindsey's countenance fell.

"O, Lucy, we were so disappointed in Kate's marriage—you know she was always a queer girl, with very strange notions, and she is actually going to be married to a minister—a *travelling minister!*" she ejaculated with some emphasis.

"Well, now perhaps he is a good, talented man—I know he must be talented, for I always had a high opinion of Kate's tastes; but a travelling minister is a little too bad," laughed good natured Mrs. Stacey. "What possessed Kate? and he is old, you say?"

"Nearly forty!"

Mrs. Stacey laughed again. "What a strange little puss she is—but what is his name? you didn't write a word about him, and where is he? I want to see him."

"Come down into the parlor when you are ready, and I will introduce you," said Mrs. Lindsey, as she left the room.

me, Kate?"
to go to Siberia with you," she
blushing attempt at gaiety.
ien; I can trust all the rest;—
what your lot will be if cast

u will not let me starve, Mr.
plied archly.
e guesser, my darling," and he
hite hand that reposed in his.
. Claiborne would like to see
"
ortentous satisfaction in Mrs.
she uttered these words, and it
ierine" when she wished to be
ied. With an angry crimson
erine obeyed the summons;—
ce vanished as she listened to
t-forward avowal of love, and
truthful answer, she accom-
women could have done—
losing a lover. There was a
nded sadness and pleasure on
e when she appeared in her
in, which that lady unfortu-
l with a half glance at Mr.
opposite to her, she said:
friend will be glad to hear of
Katherine."
stroke, but she had a bolder

of it before, mother," was the

e puzzled exclamation that
r's lips.
omised," she went on rapidly,
lconer as if to gain courage
ce, "to marry not Mr. Clai-
lsey almost sprang from her

er, ma'am," said that gentle-
w voice, taking the small hand
l on the table between them.
his is dishonorable, unworthy
l one of your years, to come,
friend and steal our child
Mrs. Lindsey, indignantly.
her's sanction, madam," was

nction I suppose, to deceive
ild is disposed of without my

nes have I been disposed of
edge?" was the passionate,
hich burst from Kate. She
on, but the hand which held
to the lips with as tender a
aint.
intention to deceive you, Mrs.
your husband's wish for a
it silent; he felt assured that
better, you would trust your
ping."
I may as well speak out. I
r morals or kindness of heart,
style of living for Kate. She
n luxury, and is altogether
sition."
o, madam; on the contrary
ace it, and find in its wideness
sefulness. At any rate, until
erself, I cannot give her her

of power, and firm, undaunt-
ge in his look as he said this,
s heart to throb with admira-
ile Mrs. Lindsey, knowing
ls were useless now with two
ngs, as she termed them,
om. The storm which they
rst over their heads, yet all
Mr. Falconer and Kate
it, while preparations went
pproaching wedding, for Mr.
d to leave in a few weeks,
hat Katherine should accom-

s private as possible," said
ly, to her daughter's future

d my own wishes, madam,"
g response. "I shall only
hree of my nearest friends."
ly could not object to this,
very repulsive to her. "His
ed, "they are most likely
We shall be mortified to
ossible not to invite Aunt
those Southern cousins of
g with her, and Victoria's

Mrs. Lindsey! no plotting,
could remedy this, for when
a thing, it was sure to be
ther. Her only hope was,
her fashionable visitors and
otherwise engaged; but no
s in store for her. On the
nted day, a coach drew up,
boxes and valises, and out
rself and the two Southern
, high bred looking girls,
aristocratic lover.
world is the happy man?"
she stood alone with her
ng her hair before the toilet
's countenance fell.
so disappointed in Kate's
she was always a queer
e notions, and she is actu-
ied to a minister—a *travl-*
ejaculated with some em-

ps he is a good, talented
t be talented, for I always
Kate's tastes; but a trav-
tle too bad," laughed good
"What possessed Kate!
?"

again. "What a strange
what is his name? you
out him, and where is he?

the parlor when you are
trodace you," said Mrs.
room.

Mr. Falconer met her at the foot of the stairs. "Will you come into the drawing-room, Mrs. Lindsey? My friends have arrived."

With the air of a martyr she followed him into the room.

"My sister, Mrs. Thorndike—Mr. Thorndike, Mrs. Lindsey."

It was a very unpretending, quiet looking lady of some thirty years who stood before her, and her hostess felt relieved as she received her lady-like greeting, and turned to her husband with not quite so much satisfaction. He was anything but genteel, with his large, thin features, and long, wild looking hair, and clothes all covered with dust, and fitting him very loosely. Altogether he was a very awkward looking man, she thought, as she coldly gave him her hand. How was she shocked when he left her talking to his wife, and going up to a small statue of St. John, took it up irreverently in his large hand, and after examining it a few moments, said quietly to Mr. Falconer:

"That's a better face than some of them."

"Horrible!" thought Mrs. Lindsey. "I never shall be able to introduce him to Percy Howard and Victoria;" but just at that moment the door opened and in came Mrs. Stacey and her troop, and the dreaded introduction was accomplished. Mrs. Stacey's face was brimful of fun and frolic as she took Mr. Falconer's hand.

"I believe we have met before, Mr. Falconer, at the White House, before you went to England. I had no idea that I should ever have the honor of being aunt to the ambassador."

Kate's face flushed up a bright crimson as her aunt uttered these words, but with admirable self-control she only evinced her surprise by a quick glance at her lover's face. He was expecting this, and met it with an assuring smile, but her mother was aghast.

"What in the world do you mean, Lucy?" she exclaimed in an under tone, as soon as she could draw her sister-in-law away from the group.

"Mean? why that Harold Falconer is minister plenipotentiary, instead of belonging to the more sacred office."

"And if *he* is an ambassador, who in the world are the Thorndikes?"

"O, *he* is nothing more nor less than a senator, and first cousin to the earl of Rockingham; and *she* the most accomplished woman in Washington. How wretchedly Katie has made out," and good natured, fun-loving Mrs. Stacey laughed till the tears fairly stood in her eyes.

"How provoking in the doctor to keep me in ignorance; how absurdly I have appeared!"

"'Twas your own mistake in the first place, my dear," interposed this gentleman, as he joined the two, "and Harold was so amused by it that on my return he begged me to let it remain so awhile."

"But I should have thought you would have seen his name in the papers," said aunt Lucy to the mortified lady.

"O, they have no taste for politics, and Kate hasn't touched a newspaper out of spite since her mother wished her to marry an editor with a fortune of half a hundred thousand," chuckled the doctor in reply.

How sorry Mrs. Lindsey was that she did not invite the dear five hundred friends to witness this brilliant marriage. "O, it was a miserable mistake," she murmured bitterly, but one which she never forgot. It made her a wiser, if not a better woman, and when, a few months after, Arthur Lovell, now a veritable preacher of the gospel, came back and renewed his suit to the stately but really warm-hearted Marion, she gave her consent, with the hope that the title of D. D. might be conferred upon him; and Katie after all, the little, independent, republican Katie, was the guest of dukes and duchesses; while Marion, conquered by love's power, was contented to live on the despised six hundred a year.

PRAYER ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

A correspondent of the London Record relates the following interesting incident at Alma:

"When the Light Division was on its march to the Alma River, and about an hour before the time when the troops came within long range of the enemy's guns, a request was made by the chaplains of the division that a short pause might be allowed for the purpose of offering up prayer to God. Sir G. Brown having consented, the regiments halted, and a three sided square was formed. The chaplains then united in a solemn but simple prayer, and from the quietness and attention exhibited in the ranks, doubtless this prayer was joined in by many who stood silent. The time spent in this service was only eight minutes, but at its conclusion there were evident tokens of the spirit in which such an acknowledgement of God's sovereignty and reliance upon his mercy in a religious cause had been regarded by the men. A public prayer on an occasion of this sort is, I believe, unprecedented in the history of modern warfare, and it cannot but be recognized as doubly important on the occasion, when occurring in that division of the army which suffered most severely in the subsequent encounter."

DEBT.

Blessed is he who can slap his breeches pocket in the face of the world, and triumphantly exclaim—"Behold, ye good people! Lo, ye heavily-laden debtors! come and look upon a man—a being like unto yourselves—who owes not a dollar!" We would travel far to see such a creature; we would contribute liberally towards providing a glass case in which his embalmed remains should be preserved after death, as a sacred relic to posterity—a specimen of a species almost extinct in the nineteenth century—the Cash Philosopher! Him no duns can harass, nor the approach of inevitable pay day disturb. His substance no voracious lawyer can devour, nor their ruthless myrmidons seize upon. He, securely armed in specie, smiles at the dread sheriff, and defies his power. He is cheerful even on the awful eve of quarter-day. He alone is the free citizen—only he can feel truly independent! Happy mortal!—*New York Sunday Times.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

You that propose to be the historian of yourself, go first and trace out the boundary of your grave—stretch forth your hand and touch the stone that is to mark your head, and swear by the Majesty of Death, that your testimony shall be true, unwarped by prejudice, unbiased by favor, and unsustained by malice; so mayest thou be a witness, not unworthy to be examined before the awful tribunal of that after time, which cannot begin until you shall have been numbered with the dead.—*Curran.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

GOD SHIELD THE POOR THIS WINTER.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

God shield the poor this winter—
The destitute and lone;
May his arm with tender mercy,
Round each shivering form be thrown.
He can pity whilst he chastens,
He can love, and still withhold;
His blessings are unbounded,
His mercies half untold.

May the poor, the tried and needy,
Look with faith unto their God;
May they bow with resignation,
'Neath a Father's chastening rod.
A cloud may hide a sunbeam
Bursting forth in splendor bright;
"God's ways are all mysterious,"
They are veiled from mortal sight.

Come, ye heart-sick, weary mortals,
Fainting, starving, come to Christ;
He will grant you food in plenty,
"Without money, without price!"
He will hush the soul's wild longings,
Bid the storm of grief be still;
Look with faith to God our father,
Bow resigned to his own will.

God shield the poor this winter—
Shivering by a scanty fire;
May they look from earth to heaven,
To a home that's holier, higher.
Where the bread of life in plenty,
To each longing soul is given;
Cheer up, ye poor and needy—
There is wealth for all in heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A CURIOUS ADVENTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Benson Mayford was an old friend of mine, and the last time I saw him he related to me a bit of adventure he once had, which may be worth putting in print. At any rate, I shall write it, and in doing so I shall give it in his own words as nearly as possible, as follows:

"You see I had been out into the Western country on a sort of exploring expedition. I had been engaged by a party of men, who were buying up the land warrants of the soldiers of the last war, to go out and hunt up their claims, and bring back some report of their location and value. I had done my business, and was on my way home. It was about the middle of the afternoon that I reached a small village in the western part of New York State, and as I found a very comfortable hotel in the place I resolved to remain there until the next day, as I was in no particular hurry. My greatest inducement for haste was to reach some place where I could buy some good ready-made clothing, for my wardrobe had got sadly run out. My only suit was on my back, and that was in a sorry condition. In fact I was almost ashamed of my appearance, for I was getting amongst well-dressed people.

"Towards the latter part of the afternoon a gentleman arrived at the inn and ordered supper. I was standing by the bar as he entered, and after he had walked about the room a while and looked over the various notices that were posted upon the walls, he came up and called for a glass of brandy. He looked at me very sharply before and after he drank it. I had my pocket-book out at the time, as I was getting the landlord to let me have York money for some Ohio bills that I chanced to have with me. The stranger eyed my pocket-book, which was well stuffed with bills—the proceeds of some dozen land-claims I had sold—and I thought I could detect a sort of longing look in his eye as he did so. I thought little of it at the time, for it is natural for almost every one to look with longing eyes upon money. After the host had changed my money I went to one of the windows and sat down and took a paper. The stranger took a seat opposite to me, and every time I looked up I found him looking upon me. I began to think he might be meditating some design upon my pocket-book, but it did not alarm me. I carried a pair of double-barrelled pistols with me, and they were always ready for any emergency.

"After supper I lit a cigar and started out upon a walk. The village was a very compact one, being located in a small valley through which ran a considerable stream of water. The road to the southward ran over a small hill, and as a walk in that direction promised some good scenery, I followed it. I had topped the hill, and walked on some twenty rods beyond it, when I heard footsteps behind me, and on turning I saw my strange *vis-a-vis* of the hotel. I placed my hand upon my pistol, for, to tell the truth, I did not like the looks of the fellow at all. I kept on, but with one eye behind me. At length the stranger came up with me, and in the most bland and innocent tone imaginable passed the compliments of the evening—such as speaking of the weather, the place, the scenery and so on. I began to think I had wronged the man, for we walked on some distance together, and his manner was kind in the extreme. But I did not lose my hold upon my pistol, for I was well aware how many characters a polished villain can assume.

"Before long he seemed to hesitate in his manner, and by-and-by he broached the subject that had been upon his mind while he was watching me at the inn.

"'Stranger,' he said, speaking very modestly, 'I am going to broach a curious subject. You must have noticed that I have watched you very narrowly, and I will tell you why. (I began to have more charity for him.) I am the son of a wealthy merchant of Buffalo, and for the last three weeks I have been on a continuous scene of debauch, and most of the time I have been intoxicated. You need not tell me how wrong such a course is, for I realize it all; nor need you advise me how to behave for the future, for I have made up my mind that if I once get safely home, I will never touch the accursed cup again. Some men can indulge in a social glass without danger, but I cannot. If I touch it I am gone. Only three weeks ago I went out one evening with some friends, and I allowed myself to be induced to drink. The result was that I got crazy with rum, and having some two hundred dollars in my pocket, I set off on a regular time; and here I am, without money and without friends. I have enough to pay for my supper and lodgings to-night, and then I shall be penniless. O, let me once more see my home and my anxious father, and I'll drink no more.'

"'But,' said I, 'if you mean that, why don't you commence now? I saw you drink at the tavern.'

"'Yes, so I did,' he replied, without hesitation. 'But if you know anything of drinking, you must know that a few glasses are absolutely necessary while recovering from such a debauch as I have had.'

"I acknowledged the truth of what he said, for I began to sympathize with him, though I was resolved that I would not lend him money, as I supposed that was what he was after. But I soon found out my mistake.

"'Now,' said he, after we had walked on some minutes without speaking, 'I want you to accommodate me. I don't want to borrow money, though money I must have at some rate. I must have enough to carry me home. You have a poor suit of clothes, and I have a good suit. Of course mine are worth considerably the most, and if you will exchange with me, and pay me the difference in money, you will be doing me a favor which I cannot be too thankful for. You see my situation, and though I have been brought into it by my own folly, yet it is too late to help that now. I can only take warning by my bitter experience, and do so no more. I suppose you mean to purchase new clothes soon?'

"I acknowledged that I did.

"'Then,' resumed my companion, 'why not exchange with me? I will give you a bargain. The clothes you have on will answer me until I reach home. Come, do not refuse me. It is a delicate business, and I have not the courage to go to any store or workshop and make such a proposition; but from your countenance I was led to believe you would not spurn me for my error, nor refuse me a helping hand while no loss could accrue to you. You will help me, I know.'

"I was tempted to take up with the fellow's offer, for the clothes he wore suited me, and moreover I needed them. He had on a pair of dark checked doeskin pants, a vest of handsome figured silk velvet, a coat of blue broadcloth of the finest texture, with handsome gilt buttons, and a fine beaver hat. He was just about my size and shape in every way. I did really pity him for his misfortune, and after a little more earnest entreaty on his part, I offered to make the exchange if he would set some reasonable price.

"'It is not the value I care for,' said he. 'Only I want enough to get home. Give me fifteen dollars.'

"I told him I would, and we agreed to go back to the inn and make the exchange at once. When we reached the house I went up to the room which I had engaged, and there we performed the work. His clothes fitted me to a hair, and so did his boots, for he said his fine French boots would not contrast well with the remainder of his newly-acquired attire. I was careful to clean my pockets out before giving up my old garments, and he did the same. From the breast pocket of his coat he took a well-filled pocket-book, and as he saw that I took particular notice of its appearance, he said, with a smile—'I have been fortunate enough not to lose one of my father's papers, for when I came away I had a lot of his business notes and memoranda with me.' This satisfied me on that score, and when I came to look in the glass I felt well-pleased with my metamorphosis. I paid the man fifteen dollars, and he told me his name was George D——, mentioning the name of a heavy flour dealer whom I had often heard spoken of among the western farmers.

"After our business was concluded I went down into the bar-room, and the man who had thus jumped into my shoes went again into the street. At an early hour I retired, and in the morning I came down just as the breakfast-bell rang. I noticed that the people who stood around, regarded me with more than usual interest, and it made me somewhat provoked, for I of course supposed they noticed the change I had made in my garb, and they probably guessed how the circumstance had come about, or at least, where my new suit came from. But my *vis-a-vis* was not to be seen. He had probably gone home to his anxious father. At eight o'clock the stage started for Dunkirk, and I took my seat in it, with four other passengers—two gentlemen and two females. They looked at me curiously, and I thought once or twice they were whispering about me; but I let the matter pass.

"At the end of about two hours I heard the rumble of wheels behind us. Something was coming up at a furious rate, and soon I heard the voice of some one crying out to our driver. The coach stopped, and a wagon, with two men in it, drove up by our side. One of the men, a stout, business-like looking person, jumped out of the wagon and came to the coach window. His eyes rested directly upon me, and he laid his hand upon my knee.

"'Ha, my fine fellow, we've got you at last, haven't we?' he uttered.

"'What do you mean?' asked I, in perfect astonishment. 'What's to pay now?'

"'O, that wont go down. Come out here. Just come out.'

"'But tell me what you want?' said I, beginning to be vexed.

"'You'd better not trifle with that man,' said one of the passengers who sat close by me. 'He's the high sheriff.'

"'Are you coming?' said the stout man, outside.

"I got out of the coach, and my new acquaintance told the driver to keep on. But I demanded my luggage. This was taken off and put into the wagon, and then the sheriff, for such he was, took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and attempted to put them on my wrists, and again I demanded to know what all this meant.

"'You are an old one,' said the officer, 'but you mustn't think to come the innocent over me. You don't know anything about the robbery at Mayville, I suppose, and a dozen other robberies about the country?'

"I assured him that I did not, but he only smiled, and while I protested my entire ignorance of the whole matter, his companion got out of the wagon, and together they put the irons upon my wrists. I was then lifted into the vehicle, and we started back, but instead of keeping the road back to the inn from which I had started in the morning, they turned off towards Mayville.

"'Now look here,' said I, after we had been on the road together some time, '*will* you tell me what all this means? You are detaining me from business, and injuring my reputation, too.'

"'All very nice,' said the sheriff, winking at me. 'Very nice, but it wont go down. Them clothes of yours have been seen before.'

"A flood of light at that instant burst upon me. It must have been a villain with whom I had changed clothes! He had got my garments for a disguise, and that well-filled pocket-book meant something more than safe '*notes*' and '*memoranda*.' I told the sheriff the whole story, but he didn't believe it. I assured him that if I was recognized by my dress he had got the wrong man. But he was not to be convinced. He said that anybody could invent such a story as that. I found that it was no use, and so I resolved to let matters run until I came before a justice, and then I knew that my documents which I held would show who and what I was.

"Before we stopped to dinner the officer took my irons off. He had been moved by my assertions so far as to grant me that privilege. While we were waiting in the office of the tavern for the horse to rest, I noticed a placard upon the wall headed '$100 Reward!' and below it went on to give an account of an extensive robbery at Mayville, and also to give a minute description of the supposed robber, who was known to be an old rogue from the Mississippi. It described my quondam friend with whom I had exchanged clothes exactly, and when I came to look in the glass again I had to confess that it described me as I then stood.

"At length we were on the road again, and at three o'clock we reached Mayville. I was carried at once to the office of a justice, and when we went in we found some dozen people already there, and among the rest I saw the identical man who had caused me all this trouble—the very man who had on my old clothes. His face was all scratched and bloody, and his garments were torn and soiled. They had had a tough job in capturing him.

"'We've got the bird at last,' cried the sheriff, as he lugged me up.

"Got who?' asked the justice.

"'Bill Clarkson,' returned my captor.

"'What? Why, here's Bill Clarkson,' said the judge, looking upon the sheriff in surprise. 'Here he is, just brought in. You've made some mistake.'

"My captor sank in an instant. He looked first at me, and then at the bloody-faced man at the other end of the room.

"'That is the man with whom I changed clothes, last night,' said I. ''Tis the very man."

"'What is it, sheriff?' asked the justice.

"The officer hesitated a moment, and then he went on and gave an account of his capture of myself, and after he had done, there was a smile all around the room, in which even the *poor unfortunate son of a wealthy father* joined. Of course I was at once set at liberty, and when the handcuffs were removed from my wrists, I moved nearer to Clarkson and looked into his face.

"'It's no use,' said he, with a wicked leer. 'They wont let me go home to my father, but I'm thankful to you all the same.'

"I didn't say anything in return, for just then he was led away for safe keeping in the jail. The sheriff begged a thousand pardons, and offered to pay me for the indignity I had suffered, but I remembered that some one else might have hauled me up under circumstances where I might not have proved my innocence so readily, and I would take nothing. He insisted, however, on paying my fare to Dunkirk, and I allowed him to do it. There was one thing I did before I left Mayville: I found a clothing store, and I bought a new suit of clothes as soon as possible, and my *magic* suit—my *robber* garb, was packed snugly away out of sight. I have not worn it since, but I have it still, and sometimes I look at it, and think of the comical adventure into which it led me. The last time I heard of Mr. Bill Clarkson, he was working for the State at Sing Sing. He hasn't returned to his anxious father yet."

NEVER FORGET YOUR MOTHER.

The editor of the Lawrence Courier, referring to the death of the Hon. John Davis, remarks, that he owed much to the personal suggestion and advice of the ex-governor, kindly and earnestly bestowed in earlier days, and adds:—"The last counsel we received from him was characteristic of the man; it was on the deck of a vessel that lay with loosened sails and shortened cable, that, we, still in boyhood, just commencing years of toil and hardship, received a parting grasp of his pure hand with these words: 'God bless you! Remember what I've said; and wherever you go, *never forget your mother!*' What better charge could be given to a lad, launching forth on 'life's deceitful tide,' when the chart and compass of his young head and heart must be his only protection from shipwreck? Many years have passed away, and that good man has finished the voyage of time; he has disappeared adown the dark stream of death, and, we doubt not, has reached that celestial haven, where the storms of earth are never known, and has exchanged the anchor symbol which he ever carried at the prow during life, for blissful realization."

RUSSIAN GARMENTS.

A person who has resided twenty-five years in St. Petersburg writes to the London Times, that with one exception, Russian soldiers never wear fur coats. I would wish to draw your attention to this exception, as it may prove a valuable hint to the English now in the Crimea. Russian soldiers wear strong gray cloth coats, except when on duty as sentries. The sentry has a loose cloak lined with fur (and provided with sleeves), and large fur boots. When relieved, he takes off, and the new sentry puts on, the coat and boots, which are thus kept warm.

HISTORY OF THE MARSEILLES.

The Marseilles presents notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death; glorious as the one, funeral like the other, it assures the country while it makes the citizen turn pale. This is its history. There was then (at the time of the French revolution, 1780), a young officer of the artillery, in the garrison of Strasburg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Louis le Sannier, in the Jura, that country of revelry and energy, as mountainous countries always are. He charmed with his music and verses the slow dull garrison life. Much in request from his two-fold talent as musician and poet, he visited the house of Dietrick, an Alsatian patriot, on intimate terms. In the winter of 1792, there was a scarcity in Strasburg. The house of Dietrick was poor and the table humble, but there was always a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. Once when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table, Dietrick looked with calm sadness and said to them—"Plenty is not seen at our feasts, but what matter if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fetes, and courage in our soldiers' hearts. I have still a bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it," said he to his daughter, "and we will drink to liberty and our country. Strasburg is soon to have a patriotic ceremony, and De Lisle must be inspired to produce one of those hymns which convey to the souls of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it."

They drank—De Lisle was a dreamer—his heart was moved, his head was heated. He went staggering to his chamber, endeavoring by degrees to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart; and on his small harpsichord, now composing the air before the words, now the words before the air, combining them so intimately in his mind that he could never tell which was the first produced, the air or words, so impossible did he find it to separate the music from the poetry, and the feeling from the impression. He sang everything—wrote nothing. Overcome by the divine inspiration, his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake till daylight. The song of the overnight returned to his memory, with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down and gave it to Dietrick, who called together some musicians who were capable of executing De Lisle's composition. De Lisle sang. At the first verse all countenances turned pale—at the second, tears flowed; at the last, enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was destined to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrick went a few months afterwards to the scaffold to the sound of the notes first produced at his fireside, from the heart of his friend.

The new song, some weeks after, was sung at Strasburg. It flew from city to city. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and close of its clubs. The Marseilles spread it all over France. Hence the name of Marseilles.

De Lisle heard it and shuddered at its sound on his ears, while escaping by the wild passes of the Alps as a proscribed royalist. "What do they call that hymn?" he inquired of his guide. "The Marseilles," answered the peasant. It was thus he learned the name of his own work. The arm was turned against the hand that forged it.—*Lamartine.*

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.

Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight thrones, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of the earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like the meteor will stay in our presence forever.—*Prentice.*

Bread in Paris.—Six hundred and one bakers are allowed to do business in Paris. After each future census, the number may be augmented, so that there shall be one for every eighteen hundred inhabitants. No matter what the market rates for flour and grain may be in France, the price of bread in Paris is kept at the usual standard to prevent popular discontent.—*Foreign Journal.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL BOUND.

We have the first seven volumes of the Pictorial, elegantly bound in cloth, and with gilt edges; forming superb and most attractive parlor ornaments in the shape of a series of books of 416 pages each, containing nearly 1000 engravings of men, manners and current events all over the world; of scenery in all parts of the globe; of famous cities and instructive subjects; with title-pages and indexes complete.

Besides the many illustrations, they embrace in their pages a vast amount of original tales, sketches, poems and novellettes from the best American authors, with a current news record of the times, altogether forming an exceedingly novel and elegant series for future reference and present enjoyment, both in regard to reading matter and illustrations.

They can be sent by express to any part of the country, on the receipt of the money.

For sale at our office, and at all the periodical depots throughout the Union, at $3 per volume.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston, Mass.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of the paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,

and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, with new and beautiful type, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. The whole forms a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. Each six months making a volume of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

⁂ One copy of The Flag of our Union, and one copy of Ballou's Pictorial, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4 00.

☞ Travelling agents are not employed on this paper.

☞ The Pictorial may be obtained at any of the periodical depots throughout the country, and of newsmen, at *six cents* per single copy.

Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York.
A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
A. C. Bagley, corner 4th and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati.
J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnut Sts., St. Louis.
Mellen & Co., 56 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MINNEHAHA.

BY H. O. WILEY.

Minnehaha, silver river,
How thy placid waters gleam,
As the moon's pale arrows quiver
On thy bosom, gentle stream.

In the balmy nights of summer,
Oft I've roved thy banks along;
Listening to thy gentle murmur,
And the night bird's plaintive song.

Minnehaha, many summers
In returnless wing have flown,
Since I've listened to thy murmurs,
And the night-wind's wailing moan.

But the hand of memory lingers,
With a longing, vague unrest;
Pointing with its silent fingers,
To hills mirrored on thy breast.

And there cometh, softly stealing
Round me, forms of heretofore—
In the twilight dim revealing
Faces I shall see no more.

Minnehaha, Time hath brought
Unto me his hopes and fears;
And graver care and deeper thought
Come with swiftly coming years.

But thou flowest, flowest ever,
As when in his light canoe,
First, with bounding heart, the lover
Came his Indian maid to woo.

Of its light canoe unladen
Are thy silver crested waves;
And the Indian youth and maiden,
Their early bed thy billows lave.

Minnehaha, "laughing waters,"
From thy banks have millions sprung,
But of all earth's sons and daughters,
Thou alone art ever young.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ELMWOOD COTTAGE.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Elmwood Cottage presented to outward appearance such a rural aspect; the dainty roses clambered and clustered so freely beneath its eaves, while the honeysuckle added such a fragrance and charm to the passer-by, it was no wonder he lingered to admire, while he envied the fair proprietor his rural abode. But like many things of earth whose exterior is so inviting to the eye, within that dwelling was a ruffled temper and a bosom where hatred and jealousy had made such an abode, that the endearing qualities of home were so sacrificed, as entirely to preclude that sweet peace of domestic life, without which the rose always presents the thorn, and the flowering honeysuckle shows only a blight between its fair blossoms.

One ruffled temper! Is that not enough to change the whole aspect of the brightest scene? a temper soured, too, by jealousy, living in perpetual dread lest the object of its suspicion shall elude its sharpened vision and bear off in triumph the object of its suspicion; why, it poisons the very fountain whence any sweet domestic love can enter.

Within the enclosure of this cottage was a father and mother, an idolized son, and a foster daughter; a beautiful creature whose history was rarely known—her birth being in a distant city, and whose mother had in early life enlisted the affection of the proprietor of the cottage; but as the current of their love was cruelly interrupted, the lovely girl gave her hand and heart to a gentleman of foreign birth, distinguished for his wealth, and who bore away the young bride to a distant land. By the strange reverses of fortune, the two children born from this marriage found their way to the home of the very individual who was prevented from marrying their mother; and as one was beautiful beyond the painter's art to copy, the dangerous possession early enlisted the affections of a naval officer, who eloped with his fair charge and thus brought a painful sense of mortification on the family with whom they resided.

The fate of Eva had ever since been constantly flung into the expressions of Mrs. Kenzie whenever she found an opportunity to reprove her younger sister Clara, whom she always asserted was her husband's property, and a species of humanity of which she would very willingly rid herself—for she feared lest the lovely, accomplished and blooming Clara would eventually make an impression upon the heart of her idolized Philip. This treasure she regarded as her own, and while her husband delighted to trace the resemblance between Clara and her deceased mother, Mrs. Kenzie took equal pleasure in tracing her own lineaments in her darling son. That dark hair, the eye so full of fire and intellect, the lip with a sarcastic pout, the exquisite form, and the very intonation of the voice, they were just all the fond mother desired. Her highest hopes had ever been that her son should embrace the legal profession of which her father had been an ornament, as was her frequent boast—but Philip inclined to a love of the beautiful—the beautiful in nature or art, and so he fixed upon the profession of a painter, as the highest standard of his taste, and the craving of his loftiest ambition. With deep solicitude did his mother try to turn this particular bias of his thoughts, and with as deep regret did she find her efforts unavailing. It was a foolish aim to make such an attempt; for if it had been successful, did one ever hear of a man who made himself illustrious by following a profession for which he had no love!

With the poets of olden time, Philip had already made himself familiar, and with the works of the pencil so often akin to the pen, had he sat in rapt contemplation, almost despairing but fully adoring such splendid specimens of art. Before the young man at this very time, sat Clara in classic loveliness—a perfect Hebe; with a marked reserve and modest exterior; all unconscious of the heart she was enslaving. In her conversation, as her eye sparkled and her full soul broke out in rhapsodies, she would recite whole pages of glowing descriptions, such as only the enthusiast and true born poetess would have ever committed; and then with such discriminating fidelity would she draw out the points of resemblance and shades of contrast between authors of the same school, that Philip would sit enchained for hours by her society, and it was only when the harsh tones of his mother's voice resounded in his ears, that the spell was broken and the young man reluctantly went to other pursuits, while in his heart and enthralling his senses, was the image of Clara. At this time he began to amuse himself with sketching pictures and portraits of his favorite friends; of course, his mother had sat delighted for him to embody her features upon canvass; his father, too, was willing the young artist should try his skill to reproduce his face, but it delighted him more when he traced a masterly performance which he at once recognized as the head of Clara.

But the fond mother raved as she beheld it, and vented her indignation in most piteous outbreaks. "Could her son thus humiliate himself, by connecting his future fame and fortune with one whose sister had eloped, and whose mother was a perfect Jezebel, that had broken more than one man's heart? Yes, Philip, your father, I have always feared, never had but one true love—it was by the artful treachery and saint-like beauty of Clara's mother, that he was allured—nay, bewitched, long before I enlisted his regard, my son. Yes, Philip, have I not suffered enough by comparison with that woman? And when she left him and went abroad and died poor, and remembered your father, and in her dying moments bequeathed to him her two daughters, merciful heaven, what a gift! Nothing but a demented woman would have done it, and nobody but an insane man would have accepted such a bequest. Philip, it broke my heart to receive such an accession to my eaves. I never desired a daughter to rear—you, my son, have, and always had, from your birth, my whole affections—will you, can you add that bitter pang, that cruel suspicion to my catalogue of trials, that you passionately love the abject Clara?"

"Mother," replied the impetuous Philip, "henceforth, my home shall be no more under a roof where such jealousy reigns in your heart. I will not bear dictation in matters of the heart. My affections are my own—no, let me rather say they are Clara's, although I never before made the avowal—take your fortune and bestow it upon some other son;" and Philip Kenzie left his frantic mother to swoon and recover herself, while he sought Clara and acquainted her with his intention to leave the country, and with the aid of the annuity which his grandparent had bequeathed him, he would visit Rome and there revel among the choicest works of art, and supported by an assurance of her love, he would live an exile forever from the parental roof.

Clara shrank from such a confession and rash determination, but she well knew Philip was not easily turned from his purposes—she felt too, that her home must be henceforth an undesirable spot—that the sympathy which her foster father would willingly give her, must be repressed by the jealousy of his wife; that she should be reproached with her sister's conduct, and more than all, she blushed as she felt how true it was that she could not live in that cottage independent of Philip's society!

Now with such a description of the interior of Elmwood cottage, do we feel a disposition to become an inmate, notwithstanding the inviting aspect which its surrounding beauties present to the outside observer?

The Death Angel had for some months past fluttered his wings over Elmwood cottage, selecting as his first victim, Philip Kenzie, senior, and he had heeded the many warnings which had preceded his actual approach. To some people, such a knowledge as foreshadowed this coming event, would have made a dread reality a subject of fear and terror—but to this sufferer he diffused a peculiar ethereal stamp of mind and countenance, which plainly told he was ready to obey his summons. Gently did the affectionate Clara attend to the minutest wants of her dying father, and who can so sweetly smooth the pillow of a sufferer, as the hand of one we love? Every draught administered by affection, is quaffed as a token of regard to those who would fain eke out an existence, and for their sakes how willingly would we combat a little longer the struggles of humanity? There may be selfishness in our desire to retain those who would fain join the angels above; but our faith is so weak, and our dependence upon frail humanity is so strong—God forgive the sin, if it be one!

The trials of this world often follow each other in rapid succession, just as long cloudy days follow in the track of continual sunshine in the natural world. When Clara's heart and hand were fully occupied in attending upon her father's death-bed, a letter was received from the lost Eva. It was but a short note, but its contents—how they changed the whole aspect of her sister's life! It ran thus:

"I am dying—dear sister, forgive the past; my two children are left penniless; my husband, you know his treacherous heart—it has broken mine; but may God forgive us all! Come immediately, ere I breathe my last, for I feel the death flutter in my frame already. You know my address—60 —— street, in a shabby tenement in an attic! Eva."

There are moments when we are strangely buoyed up, when our burdens, however heavy, seem to fall with a pressure we can bear without fainting, and such a moment was Clara's, when her cup was apparently full with what before awaited her. Nerved with a composure which strong religious faith alone can supply, Clara read to her dying father the unexpected summons she had received. She dared not confide it to her mother, and as if Heaven opened a way that seemed fully hedged up, the dying man heard the intelligence, bade the dear girl depart, imprinted a kiss upon her pale forehead, turned his face to his pillow, and when he awoke, he was with the angels. Clara bent over his placid features, saw him laid in his shroud, and telling her mother a strange summons had called her away, left her frantic mother, who fell upon the neck of the attending physician, as if he could impart a balm which no other solace could yield. We cannot tell, may we never know, how far human grief may be mitigated by a suppressed love, which to us bears a criminal aspect—for Dr. Archer was a widower, and Mrs. Kenzie's charms had greatly allured him to her presence. Clara had seen enough of her foster-mother's boisterous mourning before the world, and she had seen how it was soothed by the doctor's attentions—but she cared not to divulge all she had witnessed, for she was Philip's mother, and if no other, a sacred regard for him would prompt the reservation. And now came one other duty ere she quitted the cottage. Philip and Clara had promised only to communicate to each other upon general topics, but this restriction was taken away when in the vehemence of suffering and the great strait in which she was thrown, it became imperative that she should disclose the whole contents of her full heart. And how could she best appeal to him who had her thoughts, and whose image was always worn nearest her heart? for Philip had painted his own miniature and presented it to Clara as a true love token, and it had never been displaced from its rightful place. And when the letter was despatched, Clara hurried away with stifled emotions, that she should no more look upon the face of a father whom she tenderly loved.

We will next look upon a frail, but beautiful girl ascending a pair of rickety stairs leading to an attic, after a journey of two days, to reach the place. Upon a pallet bed, lay a lifeless form, neatly covered with a white sheet; in yonder corner two little girls are peeping out of a mended glass window, asking each other, "When they supposed aunty would come? for dead mother said she would come, and mama never told a lie." Sweet children! your tiny grief is not like that which older sufferers feel; for see, even now the youngest is bidding her sister look upon the monkey's feats upon hurdy-gurdy's stand. In a moment more and they both were climbing on Aunt Clara's shoulders, kissing her with the true hearted warmth which children and lovers—shall we say it—only give.

The inmates which met Clara's presence were of that class that inhabit such poor tenements—they had kind hearts, but coarse manners—their faces were bloated, and their near approach would make Clara instinctively turn away—but they spoke of "the dear lady as having killed herself with work—that she sewed her eyes out; that she never complained, but trusted in God because man had proved a snare—that she always went to meeting and led the dear children with her; but that she was poor, very poor," and yet their exclamation continued; "she was one fine lady."

The sexton came in, and Clara having claimed the dead body, had it properly placed in the baggage train and conveyed to the cemetery, where it was laid beside her father, and having disposed of the children in a temporary home under her immediate charge, she wended her way back to Elmwood cottage. Her foster mother received her without surprise or concern—how far she had been made acquainted with the object of her journey, she only disclosed by actions, for no words were spoken. The widow, however, sobbed violently when she received a pastoral call from the parish priest, but he pointed her to consolations which Clara feared were unknown to her; for when the doctor came in and proposed to give her an airing, the bitterness of widowhood seemed to have lost its sting. Clara soon heard that Mr. Kenzie's estate was declared insolvent; that Elmwood cottage was to be sold, and that the widow was kindly provided with a home at Doctor Archer's sisters, until the common proprieties of life should permit a union between the two plighted hearts; and with some of these facts she acquainted Philip; likewise that she was about removing to take charge of the two children Eva had bequeathed her; and in an economical way with the small annuity which her father had secured to her, aided by her own exertions, she doubted not but her days would glide away peacefully as they will do when we are conscious that Heaven approves our endeavors.

Our next scene opens in Philip's studio in Rome. A tall English officer who had lately buried his wife, had called upon Philip to order a duplicate copy of a portrait which was taken many years since. There had been a strange delay about its presentation; but one morning a servant brought it in a shabby condition, it being just taken from an upper apartment where cobwebs and dust had done their part to erase the beauty of the original painting. Philip but gazed a moment upon it, and fell back in his chair in a state of mental abstraction. The officer came in according to appointment. Philip explained why he was thus overcome; "it was owing to the resemblance this picture bore to a dear friend to whom he hoped one day to be united."

"Her name?" quickly inquired the officer.

"Clara Doyle," replied he, "was her original cognomen, now changed by adoption, to Kenzie."

The officer wiped his face; he could not then speak, but when utterance returned, he replied: "That portrait is her sister, Eva Doyle, whom I married, deserted, and left to suffer in America. But look here, young man. I had a wife when I married her; and her claim I could not resist without dishonoring my fame and her ancestry, and to pay for my recklessness, just Heaven has made me little short of a maniac; and now my first wife is entombed, I am resolved to ship to America, and try to discover my lost angel; for Kenzie, she was one more akin to heaven than earth; but this confession is only meant for us. Give me the exact lineaments of the countenance of that portrait—put it in a miniature—on canvass—charge me what you choose—my fortune is a worthless possession, now."

Need we disclose what followed? How Philip explained the whole mystery, the proof he furnished of the truths he asserted by Clara's own letters—the fate of Eva, the children she was struggling to support—the hope he lived upon that one day, when fame should gather laurels for him, of returning and making one happy household. O no, we have anticipated it all—Philip has already taken passage with the father of Eva's children, and the repentant old man has bequeathed his property to his children and Philip. Clara has embraced Philip as her lover, and more recently as her husband. The perfidious naval officer has sought to atone for his early criminal estrangement, by the purchase of Elmwood cottage, so that as one family they now inhabit it, while a marble shaft rises in yonder cemetery, whereon "Eva, pure as an angel, thou hast found thy home," is inscribed; and often the father and children of the angel sit upon the mound where her earthly form is entombed. But in Elmwood cottage every discordant element is hushed, and even the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Archer occasions no jealous forebodings; for where true love sits enthroned in every heart, the spirit of evil never can find an abode.

THE LOUVRE.

The reputation of the Louvre in Paris, as a grand depot of objects of curiosity of art, is world-wide. Whether we view it as a magnificent architectural pile, as a palace, as a museum, or as a picture and sculpture gallery, in each department it is excelled by but few establishments in the world; while its united attractions place it at once in advance of any other institution of a similar character in Europe. It is the especial pride of Frenchmen, and forms one of the principal and favorite objects of attraction to all foreigners who visit Paris. The whole expense of the establishment is borne by government, which, with great liberality allows admission to artists and foreigners, with passports, six days of the week; even although the public are not admitted on any other day than Sunday. The Louvre was formerly nearly isolated, but the present emperor is now rapidly carrying out the idea of his uncle, by uniting the establishment to the Tuilleries by a long range of beautiful buildings; the whole range of which, when completed, will form the largest and most magnificent series of structures in Paris. The curiosities are arranged and divided as follows, being twenty-one separate departments. Galleries of the Italian, Flemish and French School of Paintings. In these galleries are fourteen hundred pictures, some of which cannot be excelled. The Bijou Saloon contains ancient and rare vases, porcelain, jewels, etc. The next contains copies of several of Raphael's best frescoes in the Vatican, at Rome. The Greek and Roman Saloon contains an immense number of curious articles from ancient Etruria, Pompeii and Herculaneum. The Throne Room, with its superbly painted ceiling and magnificent vases, is worthy of admiration. The Egyptian Museum contains thousands of articles previously used in domestic life by the ancient Egyptians. The Museum of Design, the Room of Henry II., the Marine Museum, the Museum Ethnologique, the Museum of Antiquities, the Museum of Scripture, the Museum of Plaster Casts, the Assyrian Gallery, the Saloon of American Antiquities, and the Algerian Museum, all contain vast stores of attractive curiosities. Some idea of the extent of the place may be formed when we state that fourteen large catalogues concerning it have already been published, and still the work is not finished. In order to take a cursory glance at all the works here brought together, the visitor will require to devote several days to the pleasant task—while to the antiquarian or artist, a visit to its galleries is a never-failing source of knowledge and delight. The most popular departments with the public are the picture galleries; and well they may be when the master-pieces of such artists as Murillo, Rubens, Carracci, Caliari, Salvator Rosa and Reni are displayed with such profusion. The cost at which some of these great works of art have been obtained, is enormous, as will be perceived when we state that within two years the great sum of 615,300 francs was paid for Murillo's painting of the "Emaculate Conception of the Virgin." The pictures of all living French artists are excluded from the galleries of the Louvre, and therefore admirers of the works of Horace Vernet, David and others, are obliged to look for them among the numerous other galleries with which Paris abounds.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MR. BRIGHT ON THE EASTERN WAR.

Mr. Bright, a member of the British Parliament, has written a letter on the Eastern War, in the course of which this language occurs:—"The question of this present war is in two parts—first, was it necessary for us to interfere by arms, in a dispute between the Russians and the Turks? and, secondly, having determined to interfere, under certain circumstances, why was not the whole question terminated when Russia accepted the Vienna note? The seat of war is 3000 miles away from us. We had not been attacked—not even insulted in any way. Two independent governments had a dispute, and we thrust ourselves into the quarrel. That there was some ground for the dispute is admitted by the four powers in the Vienna note. But for the English Minister at Constantinople, and the Cabinet at home, the dispute would have settled itself, and the last note of Prince Menschikoff would have been accepted."

PRENTICE ON DUELLING.

George D. Prentice writes to Mr. Hewson, who demanded satisfaction for a newspaper article:—"I would not call a man to the field unless he had done me such a deadly wrong that I desired to kill him, and I would not obey his call to the field unless I had done him so mortal an injury as to entitle him in my opinion, to demand an opportunity of taking my life. I have not the least desire to kill you or to harm a hair on your head, and I am not conscious of having done anything to entitle you to kill me. I do not want your blood upon my hands, and I do not want my own upon anybody's."—*Tribune.*

ENGLISH WAR EXPENSES.

The whole cost to England, during the Continental War, from 1803 to 1815, inclusive—was £1,159,729,250, or about $5,798,646,280. This gives an average, one year with another, of nearly fifty-three millions sterling per annum. But in the latter years of the contest the cost was heavier. It ran thus:—In 1812, the war expenditure was $103,421,538; in 1813, it was $120,952,657; in 1814, $116,843,889; in 1815, a month's campaign, $110,491,051. What the present war against Russia will cost England, time alone can tell. That it will be an immense sum there can be no question.—*English paper.*

Examples do not authorize a fault. Vice must never plead prescription.

Jester's Picnic.

A friend from the country on telling Foote of an expensive funeral of an attorney, the wit replied:

"Do you bury your attorneys?"

"Yes, to be sure we do—how else?"

"O we never do that in London."

"Don't," said the other, much surprised; "how do you manage?"

"When the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off."

"Indeed!" said the other, in amazement; "what becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot tell; all we know, is, there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Quillip told a good story of a man on a Mississippi steamer, who was questioned by a Yankee. The gentleman, to humor the fellow, answered all the questions straight-forwardly, until the down easter was fairly puzzled for an interrogatory. At last, he inquired:

"Look here, squire, where was you born?"

"I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont street, No. 44, on the 1st day of August, 1820, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon."

Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said:

"Yas; wall, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, du ye?"

A Dutchman at Amberstsburgh, Canada, hearing of the accident on the Great Western Railway, and of large sums reported to be paid to the relatives of the parties killed, in the warmth of his heart exclaimed:

"O, I wish mine wife had been there, I would have got five thousand dollars!"

The wife hearing of it, called him to account, when he denied the fidelity of the report, and said:

"No, mine dear, I said fifty thousand dollars;" when the good woman seemed well pleased to find how highly she was estimated.

A married lady who has many admirers, was in company recently, where the marriage tie was the subject of conversation, and a pleasant sparring arose between her husband, also present, and herself.

"Ah," she exclaimed at length, "you do not think so highly of the hymeneal knot as I do!"

"Yes, I do," he replied, "and it is only when you wish to make it a *double-beau* knot that I object to it."

"Madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" said a traveller in Arkansas, as he entered a log cabin, on the road-side.

"I haint got a drop, stranger."

"But a gentleman told me just now that you had lately received a barrel."

"Why, goodness gracious, what do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children, when we are out of milk!"

Scene. The crowded deck of an American packet for California.

Californian. I should like a sleeping berth, now, if you please.

Skipper. Why, where have you been sleeping these two nights, since we left?

Californian. Wal, I've been sleeping a top of a sick man, but he's got better neow, and he wont stand it no longer."

There was once a clergyman in New Hampshire, noted for his long sermons and indolent habits—two things irreconcilable.

"How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that our parson, the laziest man living, writes these infernal long sermons?"

"Why," said the other, "he probably gets to writing, and is too lazy to stop."

"Bob, lower yourself into the well and holler for help."

"What for?"

"To frighten daddy, and make some fun."

Bob did as desired, but got more fun than he bargained for. It was administered with a hickory sappling. Distance, 5 1-2 feet.

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously stripping the feathers from a fowl.

"Dressing a chicken," answered the cook.

"I should call that undressing," said the crazy fellow, in reply.

The cook looked reflective.

A few mornings since, we were relating to our family the fact of a friend having found upon his door step a fine little male infant, whom he had adopted, when one of the "olive branches" remarked:

"Pa, dear, that will be his step-son, wont it?"

We thought it would, decidedly.

A certain British barrister wrote three hands—all different. He wrote one hand which he could read and his clerk couldn't; another which his clerk could read, and he couldn't; and a third which neither he, his clerk, nor anybody else could read.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER.

The Flag is printed on fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of The Flag of our Union, and one copy of Ballou's Pictorial, when taken together by one person, $4 00 per annum.

⁂ Travelling agents are not employed on this paper.

☞ *The Flag can be obtained at any of the newspaper depots in the United States, and of newspaper carriers, at five cents per single copy. Published every Saturday, by*

M. M. BALLOU,

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York.
A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
A. C. Bagley, corner 4th and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati.
J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnut Sts., St. Louis.
Mellen & Co., 56 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.